

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDONER NEWS

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CLAD IN A FINER COAT THAN HIS KEEPER: AN INDIAN CHEETAH TRAINED FOR HUNTING BLACK BUCK.

In India, cheetahs are trained for hunting deer, a form of sport of which the Prince of Wales had some experience during his tour there in 1921. The animal shown in the above photograph is evidently a much-prized specimen, as is indicated by his gorgeous winter covering. The cheetah, or hunting leopard, has characteristics both of the cats and the dogs. Its head is cat-like, but it resembles the dogs more in its long limbs and blunt claws,

as well as in being of tractable disposition. It has long been used for purposes of the chase. Several French Kings—Louis XI., Charles VIII., and Louis XII.—are among the early sportsmen whose employment of the cheetah is on record. Shakespeare is probably playing on its name when he makes Falstaff say ("Henry IV., Part 2): "He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is an old saying that England has not been invaded, at least for a very long time. Perhaps it would be truer to say that England has not been invaded by people whom Englishmen were allowed the satisfaction of killing. Even the last real military invasion was in this respect a rather dull and disappointing affair. People were not allowed to make a fine fighting stand against William of Orange as they did against William of Normandy. That was largely due to the brazen treachery of the great Duke of Marlborough; and, though he afterwards gained great glory by the Battle of Blenheim, I think he might have gained much greater glory by another Battle of Hastings. I am not concerned to discuss here the larger historical results which might have followed if Marlborough had possessed the spirit of Dundee. I am content to wonder whether there is really anybody who, in the moral retrospect, thinks better of John Churchill than of John Grahame. To fight for the Stuarts against an English Parliament was one thing; to fight for England against a Dutch army was another; and I wish the power of the Whig lords had allowed more Englishmen to do it. And when the Whig historians hammered incessantly on the fact that a few Dutch ships had once appeared for a moment in the Medway, they might in justice have remembered by whose orders it was that thousands of Dutch soldiers marched in broad daylight through the very heart of England. I cannot, therefore, count the last invasion of this country a very glorious national episode, whatever we may happen to think about its political effects. Perhaps whatever seems tame in the story is responsible for the tameness with which we have been forced to accept other sorts of invasion ever since.

But I do not deal here with military or even political types of attack. The real tragedy of this country is that it lies exceptionally open to the sort of attack that is not supposed to be an attack at all. It has had almost enough peaceful penetration to make it long for war. This is doubtless an exaggeration; but it is really true that during the war the English had a quite unusual sense that their island really belonged to them, even if they were watching in active apprehension of it belonging to somebody else. Spy fever was often a silly mania, and sensational denunciations of the danger were generally directed against the foreigners who were not dangerous. But at least the nation was intensely conscious of its nationality, and of the difference between national and anti-national things. Normally speaking, both before and after the war, there is an abnormal absence of this instinct in our own particular case. If there is too much of it in war time, there is far too little of it at every other time. The island which in a geographical sense was counted inaccessible is in a psychological sense a great deal too accessible. Britannia needs no bulwarks; at any rate, she never has any. There is none of the natural instinctive protection of national things in the case of this nation. Much of it arises from the nation not calling itself a nation, but insisting on calling itself an empire.

There are many disadvantages in painting the map red, and one of them is that you paint out all the characteristic colours of your own counties and countrysides. You do not leave much of the more delicate tints of England when you have to make it exactly the same colour as Tasmania. Moreover, an empire always has a sort of cosmopolitan character; and, when colours run, they do not all run one way. The admixture does not only mean pouring white people into Tasmania, but also pouring brown people into Oxford. The world is at peace, especially the most worldly people in it, and they come from every corner of the world.

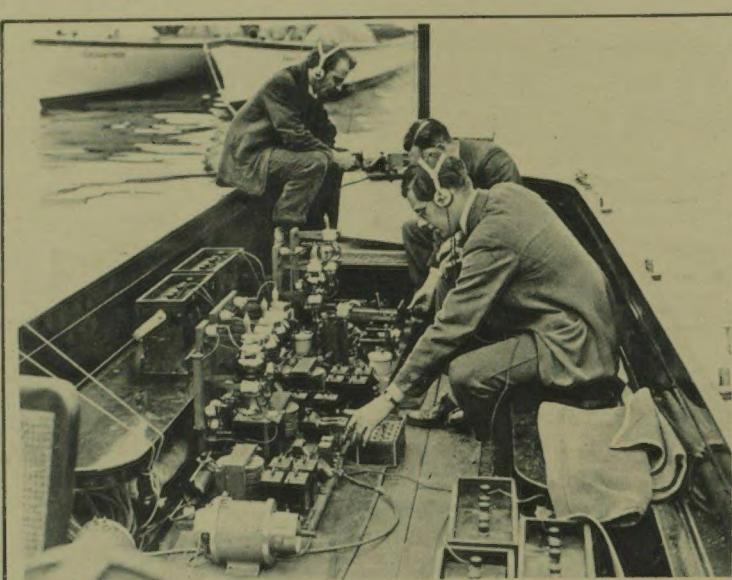
Peace has her victories no less renowned than war, but they are generally victories of the enemy.

Let it not be imagined that I am repeating some silly stunt of the Jingo newspapers, about what they call aliens because they are afraid to call them Jews. For, though they are practically prepared to oppress poor Jews, they are too liberal-minded to name them. I have nothing to do with all that business at the

it. I should not like the fields and villages of this country to be transformed into an Oriental paradise, to please gentlemen who came from the East of Europe to the East of London. But it is not they who are now primarily empowered to change them; at any rate, until certain individuals among them have managed to pass from Petticoat Lane to Park Lane. The wind of change that is now passing over England blows from a different quarter and a different climate. Generally speaking, it blows not from the East, but from the West.

What surprises me is not that Americans should spread American tastes, any more than that Jews should indulge Jewish tastes; it is that Englishmen should make no effort whatever to defend English taste. That is where the English seem really deficient in defensive instinct; but some part of the fact may be due to their particular position and their particular history. I have spoken of the fuss made about the momentary incursion of a Dutch navy, and compared it with the silence about the successful incursion of a Dutch army. Somewhat in the same way there is something a little comic, in spite of all the elements of the tragic, about remembering how we spotted and dogged and suspected some solitary foreign hairdresser or waiter in the days of the war, and now think nothing of armies of foreigners altering the very look of our streets or shapes of our buildings. Some spoke as if the Americans in the war had been rather late on the scene. I could forgive that, if there were anything to forgive, more easily than some Americans of the peace who were very early on the scene. But the people I am blaming in the matter are not the Americans, but rather the English.

Invasion may be a sword; but peaceful penetration is a poison; and some of us would as soon die by Prussian bayonets as by prussic acid. To attack the culture is to attack the country, but it is to attack it from within. It comes from the sort of culture that has already contrived to get inside another culture; the sort unpleasantly suggested by bacteriology. Anybody who really loves a national tradition would rather it were attacked from without than eaten away from within. And the national traditions of this country, in landscape, architecture, manners, and domestic comfort, are being silently supplanted by the very inferior ones that go to make up an American hotel. But the trouble is that they are not being vanquished; they are being sacrificed. In other words, they are being surrendered. In thus yielding to America, we are falling below the standard of other nations, including America herself. In America there is a protest, a very crude and violent and even barbarous protest, but still a protest, against alien things from Europe. There is a desire to keep things a hundred per cent. American. There seems no desire here to keep them even ten per cent. English.



WIRELESS "MAGIC" WHICH ENABLED THOUSANDS OF LISTENERS TO FOLLOW THE BOAT-RACE AND HEAR THE RESULT THE MOMENT IT WAS WON, BEFORE MOST OF THE SPECTATORS: TESTING TRANSMISSION APPARATUS IN THE LAUNCH "MAGICIAN."



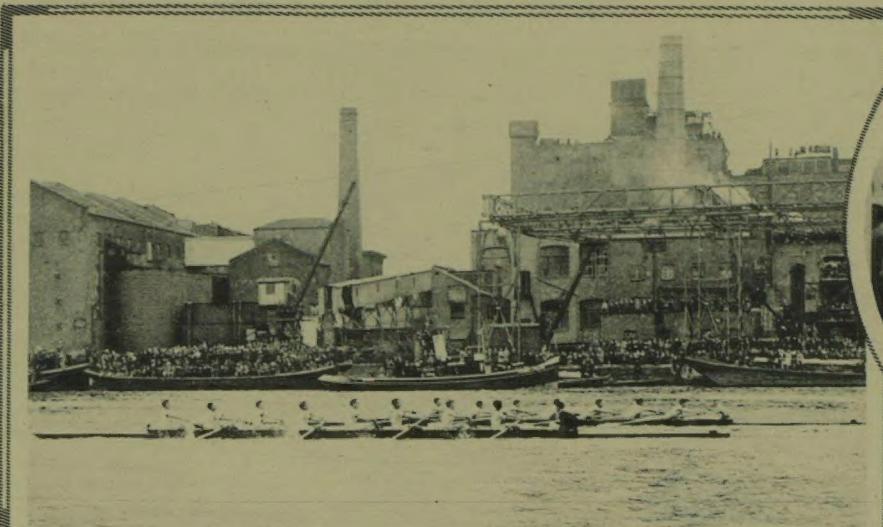
HOW THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE WAS BROADCAST: THE MICROPHONE (NEAR TOP OF UPRIGHT ROD) THROUGH WHICH THE PROGRESS OF THE RACE WAS ANNOUNCED FROM THE LAUNCH "MAGICIAN."

Thousands of people who did not see the Boat-Race were enabled to follow it in detail through the highly successful arrangements made by the British Broadcasting Corporation. The narrative was announced from the launch "Magician," following closely behind the boats, by Mr. G. O. Nickalls and Mr. J. C. Squire, who had "rehearsed" the procedure a few days before. The microphone into which they spoke was connected with a transmitting apparatus on board, and the story was picked up by temporary receiving stations at various points on the riverside, which passed it on to the B.B.C. stations. Listeners far away heard every word clearly, as well as incidental sounds such as the cheering of the crowds, talk in the launch, and the hoots of sirens, and they were told the result the moment Cambridge passed the winning post.

moment. If I wanted to keep out Jews, I should call them Jews. If I wanted to keep out any Jews, it would be the rich Jews. It would be precisely the sort of aliens whom the Jingo journalists always encouraged to come in. The thing I am thinking of is something much more powerful and typical than a herd of poor nomads in Whitechapel or Hounds-ditch. I should very much object to all those aliens altering London, but it is not they who are altering

the English public house would be called a servant of the tyrant. The typical London street would be a *via sacra*, and men would die for an obstruction in the road. We pay the price of security, and of its consequence in serenity. The price is that we have the serenity without the security. We are so unused to change that we submit to everything changing. I do not insist on it, but there are moods in which we might pray for the one invasion to save us from the other.

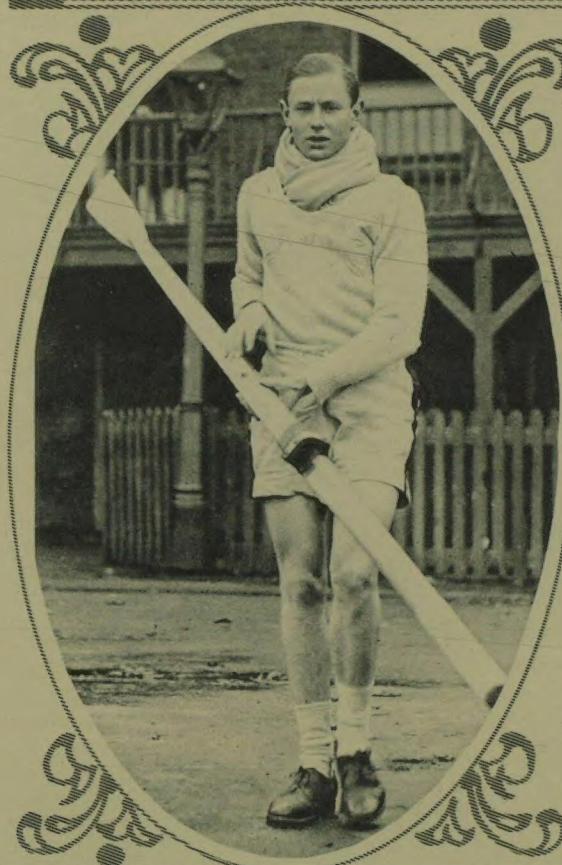
## A MAGNIFICENT BOAT-RACE: OXFORD'S FINE STRUGGLE TO AVERT DEFEAT.



JUST AFTER THE START: OXFORD (NEARER CAMERA) TAKE THE LEAD—DRAWING AWAY FROM CAMBRIDGE OPPOSITE HARRODS' WHARF, SHORTLY BEFORE REACHING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



JUST BEFORE THE FINISH: CAMBRIDGE (ON THE RIGHT) APPROACHING THE WINNING POST AT MORTLAKE  $2\frac{1}{2}$  LENGTHS AHEAD OF OXFORD AFTER A MAGNIFICENT RACE.



THE CAMBRIDGE STROKE: MR. R. J. ELLES, WHOSE STYLE AND JUDGMENT WERE GREAT FACTORS IN THE LIGHT BLUE VICTORY.



WHERE THE DARK BLUES WERE AT THE TOP OF THEIR FORM AND THE PACE WAS VERY FAST: THE CREWS "SHOOTING" HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, WITH OXFORD (ON LEFT) GOING AHEAD—BOTH BOATS GIVING A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF SYMMETRY.



VICTORS IN ONE OF THE FINEST CONTESTS FOR MANY YEARS: CAMBRIDGE BRINGING IN THEIR BOAT AT MORTLAKE AFTER THE RACE.



BEATEN AFTER A SPLENDID EFFORT THAT RESTORED DARK BLUE PRESTIGE: OXFORD BRINGING IN THEIR BOAT AFTER THE RACE.

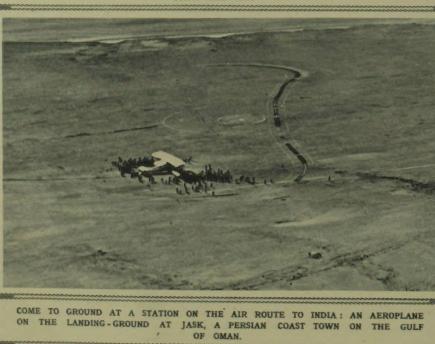
The seventy-ninth University Boat-Race, rowed on April 2 over the usual Putney-to-Mortlake course (a little over four miles) provided one of the best contests seen in this historic event for a good many years. For some three miles the two boats were almost level, first one leading and then the other, and it was only at Barnes Bridge (about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles) that Cambridge went definitely ahead and gradually increased their lead, winning eventually by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths. Both crews rowed above their previous form, and, in view of the rough water in part of the course and the slowness of the tide, the time—20 min. 14 sec.—was exceedingly

fast. Cambridge owed much to their stroke, Mr. R. J. Elles, who not only rowed in excellent style, but displayed sound judgment and "generalship." Oxford's magnificent effort was especially praiseworthy in view of the changes in the crew, due to the illness of their original stroke, during the last weeks of training. As the "Times" put it, "Hankin's stroking after eight days' practice had to be seen to be believed. Although beaten, they gave a most decisive answer to those who speak of the decline of sport in Oxford athletics." Cambridge has now won 38 races to Oxford's 40. In one year (1877) there was a dead-heat.

## WHAT THE AIR-TRAVELLER SEES ON PICTURESQUE SCENES ON



BAGHDAD AND THE TIGRIS SEEN FROM THE AIR : THE CAPITAL OF IRAQ, CELEBRATED IN STORY AS THE CITY OF HAROUN AL RASHID—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN IMPERIAL AIR-LINER.



We illustrate here some of the most interesting and picturesque places seen from the air during the flight to India on the Imperial Airways' new Cairo-Karachi route, which was inaugurated in the name of King Fuad on the occasion of the Coronation of King Fuad by Air, Sir Samuel Hoare. On that historic flight he was accompanied by his wife, Lady Maud Hoare, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Setton Brumcker, Director of Civil Aviation. The flight was continued to Delhi, whence Sir Samuel Hoare proceeded further, and the whole return journey to England was also made by air. The ceremony of naming the "City of Cairo," the air-liner seen in the first illustration, was recently performed by King Fuad of Egypt, and the machine then left for Baghdad. It may be of interest to recall that Sir Samuel Hoare's flight from London to Delhi took thirteen days. Speaking on his arrival there,

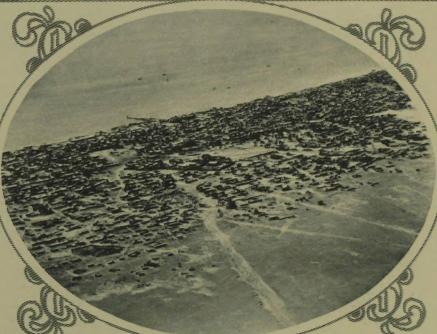
## A FLIGHT FROM EGYPT TO INDIA. THE CAIRO-KARACHI ROUTE.



he said that he looked forward to the inauguration at no distant date of at least a weekly air service over the whole route from England. The distance from London to Baghdad by air, via Cairo, is 3700 miles, to Bushire 4200 miles, and to Delhi 6300 miles. At Jask Sir Samuel was presented by the Khan of Khelat with a fine Persian carpet and by the Sirdar of Persia with a sword. It was stated at the time of the inaugural flight that the agreement with Imperial Airways regarding the Cairo-Karachi route provided for air-baggage payment up to a maximum of £30,600 per annum for five years for a fortnightly service. The normal time from Cairo to Karachi is five days. The section from Baghdad to Basra, which in Marco Polo's time meant a journey of seventeen days, can be flown in three hours.



BUSHIRE, THE PRINCIPAL PORT ON THE PERSIAN GULF, ON THE COAST OF FARSI, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE : A STATION ON THE AIR ROUTE TO INDIA.



# At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

## A Foreshadowed Event.

Now that the L.N.E. Railway has got out a poster for the Eclipse, we begin to realise how much we are all looking forward to this coming event which, in a special sense perhaps, casts its shadow before. The railway company reminds us that it is our "last chance till 1999." People with a recent injection of monkey gland may be content to wait for that second occasion; the rest of us will look out for a place in the sun's eclipse of 1927.

I think that what has always fascinated the ordinary man about an eclipse is not so much that phenomenon itself as its uncanny and invincible punctuality, its absolute faithfulness to an engagement. Nothing seems so completely to point the difference between the frailty of poor human man, the inherent uncertainty of his life and interests, as the certainty and superhumanly careful attention to business shown by our heavenly bodies. If they make an engagement they invariably carry it out to the second. We, on the other hand, with how weak an assurance do we look to the fulfilment of our purposes! The largest pause in a human talk is said to have been that between master and man crossing London Bridge on horseback more than a century ago. "John," asked the master, "do you like eggs?" "Yes," answered John. A year afterwards they were again crossing the bridge. "How?" asked the master. "Poached," said John.

The mind of the possibly apocryphal employer is the nearest approximation that I know of to the confidence of a planet. John's master could ask a question knowing that he would not fulfil the purpose, then begin, for another year. During the war men made vociferous tentative agreements to meet on some far-distant day in a place known to them all, a place that appeared an absolute and refreshing contrast with their station at the moment. And there have been other curious agreements to meet at a spot or to do some one thing after a given interval of time. But men who make these engagements never do so without an overwhelming sense of life's uncertainties. Whereas a planet will tell you to-day what it will be doing and where it will be ninety or nine hundred and ninety years hence.

## Eclipse-of-the-Sun Spots.

It is a small thing, perhaps, that, on buying the other day a book published twenty-seven years ago, I found immediately: "We come to the morning of June 29, 1927, when the Sun will be totally eclipsed about 1½ hours after sunrise over a narrow belt of country lying between Aberystwyth on the W. and Whitby on the E." It is a small thing, because if the book had been published fifty years earlier the words would have been the same. The greatest war in history, that we have proudly—and perhaps rightly—assumed to have reverberations throughout the universe, though it has reshaped our thought and given new directions to our purposes, has not affected, by a single minute of time, the accuracy of this anticipation. Nothing that we have invented disturbs the perfect completion of this approaching phenomenon, just as no terror that the future shall invent can prevent the fulfilment of the words written in that same book, already twenty-seven years old, "On July 22, 2093, there will be an annular eclipse visible in the northern counties of England." We shall not be there.

But the sun will.

## Wild Wales.

The King and Queen are to visit Cardiff in Easter week in order to open the National Museum of Wales. It must not be assumed from this statement that Welshmen concede to Cardiff the position of capital. The most famous castle in Wales—"the noblest badge of our subjection"—is at Carnarvon, and it was here that the investiture of the present Prince of

development. When, therefore, the Principality was to build a national museum, Cardiff declared that its turn had come—with the result that the national institutions of wild Wales are to be found only by a journey north, west, and south.

The foundation stone was laid by the King no less than fifteen years ago. He then expressed the hope that when the building was finished he would be able to open it. Wales rejoices that a visit from his Majesty is now possible. It is pleasant to read that the building will be open free of debt.

The Principality is making great efforts to attract the visiting public this summer. Knowing Wales as I do, I can yet say that here is a land that offers to the stranger every variety of scenery and a national character that between them still fulfil the words of her seer—"Her God she shall serve, her language she shall keep, her land she shall lose except Wild Wales."

**The Old Ladies.** A journey from South Wales back to North Wales might very well take the traveller to Llangollen. I see that Plas Newydd, the home of the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen," is coming up for sale. It is very much to be hoped that steps will be taken to make the house a national possession, and that not so much for the fact that the "Ladies" lived there, wearing those tall hats, representations of which have been familiar for nearly a century to purchasers of local "gift" crockery, but because of the great men who came to the house. Scott and the Duke of Wellington sought them out. But the visitor whose name is most closely associated with them was Wordsworth. The poet's notes upon them are charming examples of his extremely mild humour.

It was in the grounds of Plas Newydd, which Wordsworth did not know how to spell, that he composed the lines beginning "A stream to mingle with your favourite Dee." He addressed the poem to "the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P." And he tells us that in this "vale of meditation" his friend Jones was allowed by his Bishop to continue without resigning his Oxford living. Let us admire the noble latitude of diocesans of other days! With Jones, Wordsworth and his family visited the famous ladies who, the poet observes with an irony more successful

than usual, "had retired into notice in this vale."

"They took much delight in passing jokes on our friend Jones's plumpness, ruddy cheeks, and smiling countenance, as little suited to a hermit living in the Vale of Meditation. We all thought there was ample room for retort on his part, so curious was the appearance of these ladies, so elaborately sentimental about themselves."

Plas Newydd is one of the best examples of a timbered cottage. It contains fine carving, much of it carefully collected and brought to the house by the owners, who now lie buried in the churchyard near at hand.

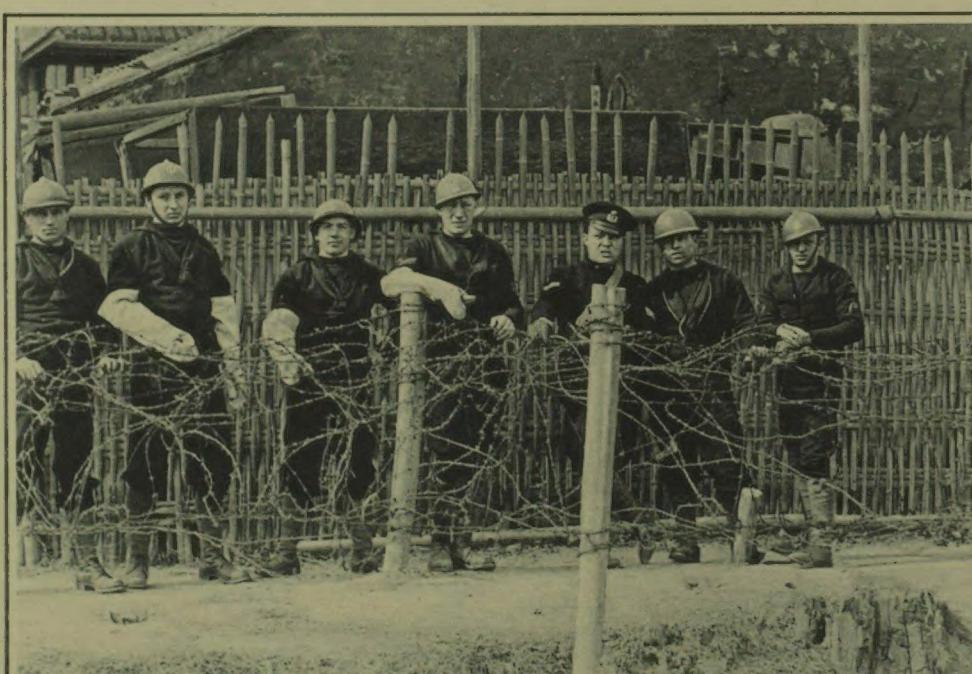


Jane Shore, accused of sorcery by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, did penance in St. Paul's in a white sheet... about 1486.



THE UNION JACK PAINTED ON A YANTZEE RIVER STEAMER: A DISTINGUISHING MARK THAT DOES NOT PROTECT IT FROM RIFLE FIRE.

The Union Jack has been painted on the side of this Butterfield and Swire river-steamer on the Yantze, to distinguish it from Chinese-owned ships. Nevertheless, like other foreign vessels, it is constantly the target of Chinese riflemen of all the warring factions.



AN ITALIAN NAVAL UNIT AT SHANGHAI FIXING BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES ON THE BORDERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT: ACTION THAT QUALIFIES THEM TO RANK AS "IMPERIALISTS" IN THE EYES OF THE "REDS" IN CHINA.

Wales took place. But a town wherein the eldest son of the Sovereign is proclaimed Prince was, nevertheless, not made the home of the National Library of Wales, and that institution—to which was given the British Museum Library prescriptive-right to a copy of every book published—was set up in its present noticeable home on the hill above Aberystwyth. I have pleasant recollections of much help given me there while doing research. One reason for establishing the library in that town was that the collection of books was founded on the valuable collection of Sir John Williams, the Royal Physician who had settled at Aberystwyth and who did so much for the library's

## ACROSS THE WORLD IN CHASE OF PHEASANTS: THINGS SEEN BY THE WAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "PHEASANT JUNGLES." By WILLIAM BEEBE, DIRECTOR OF TROPICAL RESEARCH OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.



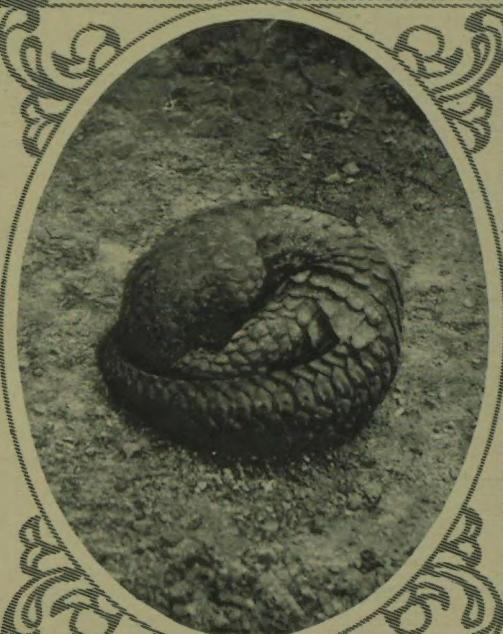
A TINY SUN-BEAR CUB NOT MORE THAN SIX INCHES HIGH: KAPIT, OF BORNEO, PLAYING WITH A SUN-HELMET



"BLACK AS JET WITH A PERFECT ORANGE CIRCLE ON ITS CHEST": KAPIT LYING IN A RECUMBENT POSTURE.



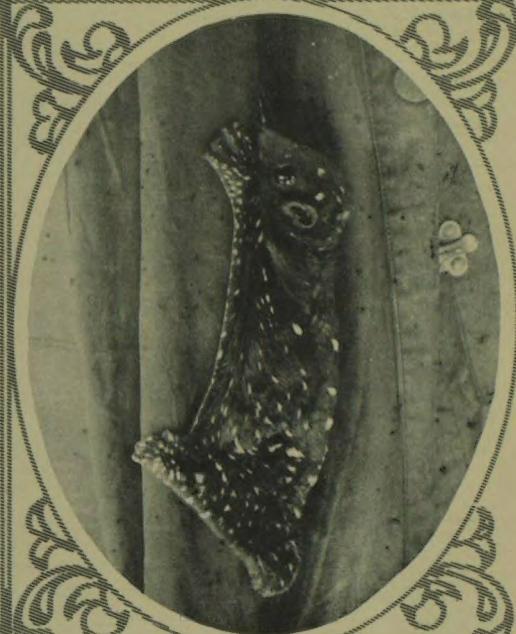
KAPIT DISCOVERS SOMETHING INTERESTING IN THE GRASS: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LITTLE SUN-BEAR CUB.



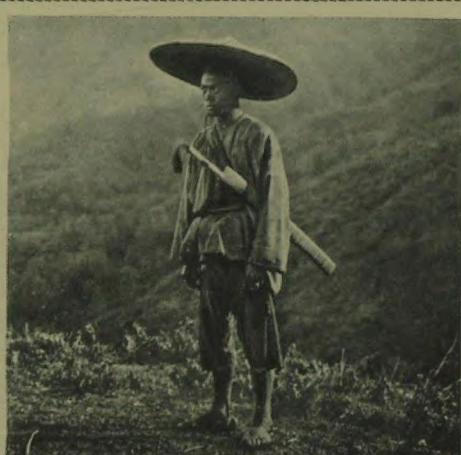
"SAFE EVEN FROM THE JAWS OF A LEOPARD": A BORNEO PANGOLIN, OR SCALY ANT-EATER, ROLLED UP.



WIVES OF A DYAK CHIEF AT WHOSE HOUSE THE AUTHOR WAS ENTERTAINED: AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE OF MR. WILLIAM BEEBE'S VISIT TO BORNEO.



"ABLE TO SCALE THROUGH THE AIR FOR MANY YARDS ON ITS PARACHUTE OF SKIN": A FLYING LEMUR, OF BORNEO, ON A COAT.



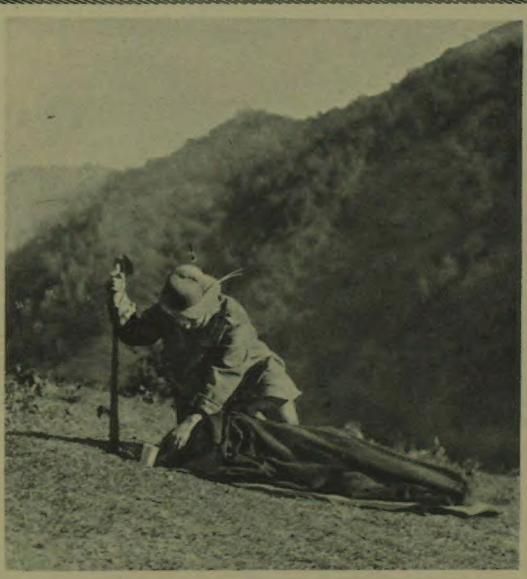
"THE SHOOTER OF POISONED ARROWS": A BURMESE WHO ATTACKED THE CAMP AND WAS SHOT AND KILLED IN HIS LAIR



WEARING ENORMOUS EAR-BARS OF SILVER: A KACHIN WOMAN OF SIN-MA-HOW, IN BURMA.



SHOWING HER HEAVY SILVER EAR-BARS AS SEEN FROM THE FRONT: A FULL-FACE VIEW OF THE SAME WOMAN.



A DEATH DUE TO SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR OF POSSESSION BY AN EVIL SPIRIT: "LANOO, A CHINA BOY, DYING ON THE HILLSIDE," IN BURMA.

Mr. William Beebe, from whose new book, "Pheasant Jungles," these interesting photographs are taken, is the famous American zoologist who is best known to our readers as the author of "Galapagos: World's End" and "The 'Arcturus' Adventure," describing the scientific expeditions which he led in the "Arcturus" to the Sargasso Sea and the Galapagos Islands. His new volume deals with another romantic quest in the interests of science, a hunt for rare pheasants, which carried him to Ceylon, Burma, and the Himalayas, and thence into the Malay peninsula and across to the island of Borneo, the home of the head-hunting Dyaks. He stood on the "divide" whose eastern waters flow into China and the western into the great rivers of Burma, and he flushed the most elusive of birds within sight of Mount Everest. In connection with each of the photographs given here, an interesting story is told in his book. The most dramatic is that of the Burmese native who secreted himself in the hills above the author's camp, and for three nights shot at the tent with deadly poisoned arrows, until at last his lair was located and he was killed by a gunshot. He had been noticed among idlers visiting the camp and was suspected because he "was always conspicuously without a crossbow."



WITH ELABORATE DECORATIONS IN STARTLING CONTRAST TO THE SQUALOR OF THE OWNER'S LIFE: A LISAO WOMAN AND HER BABY, IN BURMA.

## “THE INIMITABLE ‘NIMROD.’”

### “MY LIFE AND TIMES”: A NEW “NIMROD” BOOK.\*

CHARLES JAMES APPERLEY, the “Nimrod” of fame, confessed that he had a hitch on his tongue at times, and he added “as now and again I have on my pen.” The Editor of *Fraser’s Magazine*, masked, like his forerunners, as “Oliver Yorke,” agreed only in part. Burking “My Life and Times” after publishing ten instalments, he wrote: “This paper ends, for the present, the autobiography of the inimitable Nimrod. Many more of his Sibylline leaves are still in our possession, of which, from time to time, as occasion demands, we may perhaps make use. But it is a very serious matter to pursue in steady course the current of a man’s life who justly boasts of the soundness of his constitution and the extreme volubility of his pen.”

With that extreme volubility, Mr. Cuming has coped admirably, curtailing with discretion; and, to complete the service, he has continued the story until that day in the May of 1843 on which, having returned from France “to die in his own country like a hare,” the “first knight errant of the Press” rode into the unknown.

As a result, the “ink addict” entertains the reader and makes altogether understandable the popularity he won and held as sporting writer and as sportsman, despite foibles and failings that would not have been so tolerable in one of lesser personality. Whatever else he was, however careless of family life, however much the fascinating hanger-on dependent upon the bounty of relatives and friends, however vain, however keen on a deal in horse-flesh, he was strong in his determination to live the clean life of the country, and to uphold the best traditions; and he was indomitably industrious.

His were the days of the non-flinchers at bottle or fence; but he knew himself—and his neighbours—well enough to decide: “As it was my anxious desire to excel in the sports of the field, hunting especially, to the enjoyment of which the practice of those self-denying virtues are to a certain degree indispensable, I thus conversed, as it were, with myself. ‘This drinking a bottle of port wine six days in the week,’ said I, ‘and perhaps two on the seventh, will never do. My nerves will be shaken, and I shall be an old man before my time. I will at once abandon the disgraceful and destructive practice.’ In fact, no sooner did I become a sportsman than I became a temperate liver.” As he himself has it, “not pure morality”; but, at the very least, a sign of will-power.

There were few to give the lead. Indeed, he had every inducement to act contrariwise. Many of the “characters” in his pages prove it, and he admits his bouts of youthful drunkenness. At Rugby, then, there was considerable drinking to excess, for the school was “a loose place,” although disciplined by floggings and canings and “sacerdotal masters.” And as to his elders, to whom countless “toasts” were a rite—and no heel-taps!—Johnny Wynne of Ryton, yeoman, “could drink two-and-thirty half-pints (two gallons) of ale at a sitting! and had anyone chanced to pass his house at six o’clock the next morning, he would have found him up and stirring, as though nothing unusual with him had occurred!” Mr. Leche of Carden Hall, usually given to hacking, had a post-chaise for after-dinner use, and called it his “drinking cart”; in it was safety after libations! And so it went on—with heavy feeding and hard exercise to dissipate the fumes. Apart from other considerations, things were cheap! “Fourpence per pound, for all kinds of meat, the year round”; and, as to coal: “We were only four miles from pits producing most superior coals; so that, in the summer time, the team went to them twice in the day, and in the winter once, bringing back as much as a large, broad-wheeled cart with side-boards, and drawn by four horses, could contain, for the sum of six shillings”! Only at one period was there shortage. In 1800 and 1801, “when the quarter loaf reached 1s. 10d., together with a corresponding rise in the value of animal food,” Sir Foster Cunliffe had “the moral courage to meet the difficulties of the time in the only way in which they could be met, so as to lessen the pressure on the purse. He established ‘something like sumptuary laws in his house, and to no trifling extent. The use of bread was extremely limited, rice being, in great part, substituted for it; and he had a dinner-table, which he called his ‘scarcity table,’ so formed as to its width as not to admit of those certainly unnecessary adjuncts called side-dishes, or entrées. Substantial joints

at top and bottom of the misnamed scarcity-table”—inasmuch as such things satisfied our forefathers—were the order of the day until this temporary visitation passed over.” And the economy was not popular. Said lines chalked on the gate: “A great house and no cheer, A

was always sent to for the purpose. The very sound of her wooden clogs as she approached the back door, over the pavement, has many times struck terror into my breast when I suspected the object of her visit, and that myself was the culprit.”

Nimrod’s mother had becoming regard for “female propriety,” hemmed a good deal and objected to ladies calling their husbands by their Christian names. “How horrible it is,” she would say, “how like any state but the married state, to hear a woman call the man to whom she is bound to look up and respect by the familiar and vulgar appellation of Tom or Joe!”

Next: Garrick, posing as a celebrated veterinary surgeon from London, and hoodwinking the local farrier. “Bless me!” exclaimed Garrick, on entering the box of the third invalid horse shown to him, “a clear case of spification!” “I have long suspected it would end in that,” your honour, replied William Griffiths.” And that Mr. Brown who protected his fruit by hanging over his wall a man-trap whose teeth held a stocking and shod human leg—obtained from a dissecting-room!

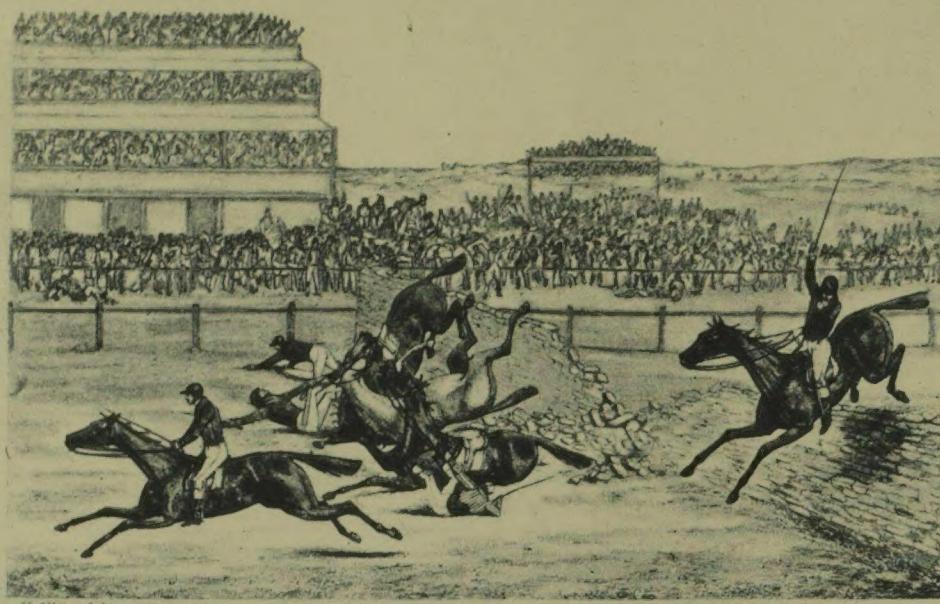
Then the Lord Sefton who had just taken over the Quorn Hounds and gone into residence in Quorn Hall. “His lordship . . . greatly added to the house . . . and built a stable which contained twenty-eight hunters, and so contrived that every horse could be seen at one view. And a grand view it was, when lighted up at night with a patent lamp to every fourth stall; so attractive, indeed, as to seduce ladies from the drawing-room, the covers of the corn-bins being planned as temporary sofas.”

And so on, and so on, the gleanings of a sportsman whose visits were never looked upon as visitations; the chroniclings and commentaries of one whose “I must produce” Aunt This or Cousin That is ever a sign of a “worthy” to be added to joyful memories.

From which it must not be inferred that the whole of the interest of “My Life and Times” is centred on people met. There is much else; and, of course, much that reveals “Nimrod”—Nimrod as a boy teaching his father’s yoke of oxen to leap timber, learning to ride and to drive a coach, fighting and “fagging,” and generally seeking the “pattern-card” county gentleman through “rural education, as someone calls the accomplishments of hunting, shooting, fishing, and drinking”; Nimrod as a man horse-dealing and horse-schooling; serving with Sir Watkin Wynn’s Ancient British Fencibles, that yeomanry corps of Light Dragoons known in Ireland as “Watkin’s Lambs” or “The Bloody Britons”; fleeing to France that his body might not be “snatched” for debt; and, particularly, turning author and being sought by rival editors—a blissful state of things that was not without its humorous side. The mighty hunter cites a case. Asked to work for the *Saturday Magazine*, he interviewed the publisher. “‘Surely,’ said I, ‘anything from the pen of Nimrod must be ill-suited to the *Saturday Magazine*, a periodical under the special patronage of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge!’ ‘By no means,’ replied Mr. Parker, ‘an article from your pen on fox-hunting, or any other of our national pastimes, seasoned here and there with a dash of morality, would answer the purpose, and be very well received by the readers of the *Saturday Magazine*.’ The terms offered, however, were quite below par, and I was compelled to decline the honour, assuring him that if I had been a rich man I would have written him a paper or two gratis, for the benefit of the good cause.”

Nimrod’s fees, it may be added, are interesting. A guinea a page for magazine articles was more or less the order of the day; but his contract with the *Sporting Magazine* was another matter. To it accrued for the “touring” reporter “£1500 a year for the maintenance of six horses (five hunters and a hack).” Mr. Cuming notes of this: “We are accustomed to think of that £1500 a year as earned, and that stud of six horses employed, only during the hunting season, but this is a mistake. Nimrod’s services as correspondent were by no means confined to the winter, nor to fox-hunting . . . Since he could not, had he wished, depend on coaches for conveyance to the various scenes of action, a stud was as indispensable to the proper discharge of his duties during the summer as it was in the hunting season. The horses that carried him to hounds earned their corn all the year round. Thus, when reporting the Cheltenham races in 1825, he says: ‘I have only twelve hours to write this and ride fifty-four miles, for it must be in London to-morrow morning.’ It concludes: ‘Dated from the outside of my hack.’”

There we must end. Much else will intrigue the reader—sporting and otherwise: here it but remains to give hearty thanks for the “recovery” of “My Life and Times,” and for Mr. Cuming’s “Additional Chapters.” E. H. G.



*A Scene from the National Steeple Chase at Liverpool, March 5, 1840.*

#### A RACE “NIMROD” CALLED “A DISGUSTING EXHIBITION”: THE NATIONAL STEEPEL CHASE AT LIVERPOOL, MARCH 5, 1840.

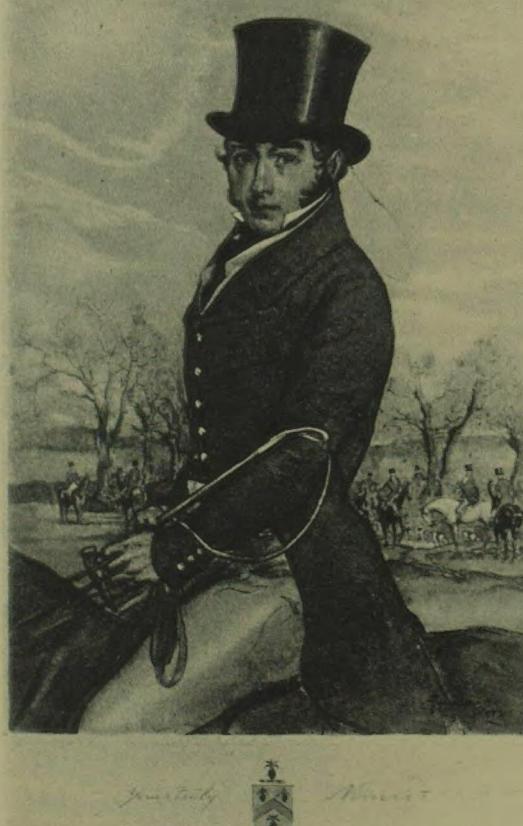
Writing in the “Sporting Review” of 1840, “Nimrod” said about the then infant sport of steeplechasing: “A disgusting exhibition of this nature, absurdly designated the Grand National Steeple Chase, has just taken place. Eight horses out of thirteen fell.”

*After Hy. Gordon Aiken. Reproduced from “My Life and Times,” by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.*

large park and no deer, Large cellars and no beer, Sir Foster Cunliffe lives here”!

Indications of the age. Nimrod provides scores of others.

Nancy Davis was flogger to the family, “and she was right well qualified for that task,” it is recorded, “for



*NIMROD*: CHARLES JAMES APPERLEY.

(From a Print after Gordon Ross, kindly lent by Ernest R. Gee, 35, East 49th Street, New York.) Reproduced from “My Life and Times,” by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

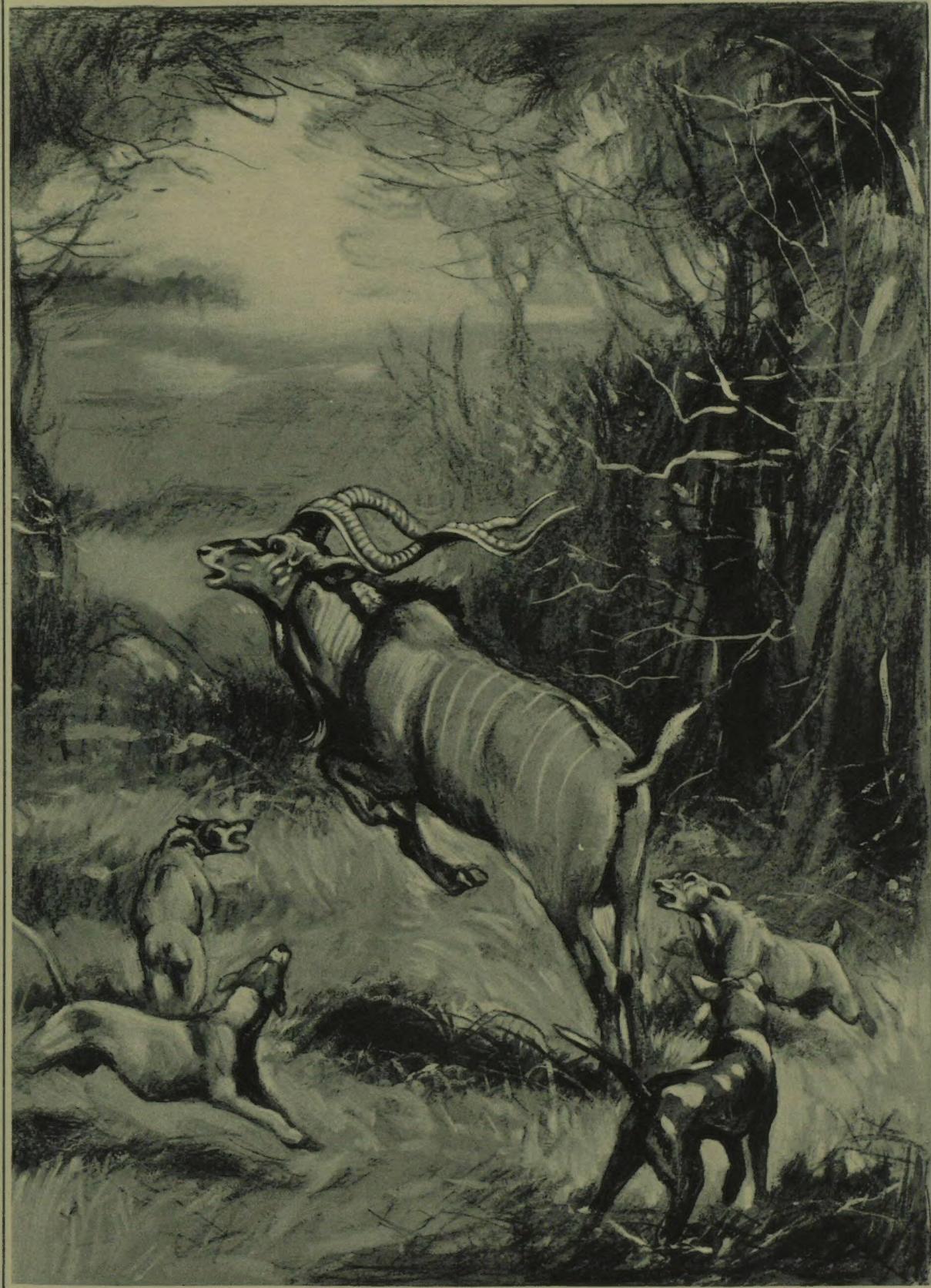
her hand was as large as that on a Leicestershire guide-post, and just about as hard. I am not romancing. The fact was, independently of my father’s dislike to the office of flogger, some of us were nearly a match for him in strength, and Nancy Davis being so near at hand, she

## BIG-GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA: VI.—THE KOODOO.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY RAOUL MILLAIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE koodoo is undoubtedly one of the finest antelopes to be found in Africa. The bull is a beautiful soft blue-grey in colour, and possesses long curling horns not unlike corkscrews. Closely allied to the eland, he also has the same white stripes down his flanks and the large, rather square, white ears with the black markings. Hunting this animal is an arduous and most uncomfortable task, for he lives usually in a dry, hilly, and stony country, in which grows that annoying bush, the "wait-a-bit" thorn. Instead of spikes, it has powerful hooks, which protrude in all directions, and tear one's clothing and flesh whenever one encounters them. This does not seem to worry the koodoo, for he will gallop through thick and apparently impassable places without receiving a scratch. Nature has given him a hard, thick hide which turns off the attacks of the thorn.



Raoul  
Millais

1927

A KOODOO BROUGHT TO BAY BY DOGS: SPORT HAMPERED BY THE "WAIT-A-BIT" THORN  
AND THE HORNBILL'S CRY—"GO-WAY!"

The koodoo is, by nature, very shy and retiring, and when disturbed will seldom wait to investigate the cause, but moves off as quickly and quietly as possible. Most of the year, the old bulls go solitary or in pairs, and I have noticed that, though they habitually come to drink before sundown, they do not remain near the water-hole, but travel long distances to feed. The Boers and white hunters in South Africa used to hunt the koodoo on horseback with dogs. The end of a hunt is shown in the large drawing. The dogs are bringing the koodoo to bay on the edge of the bush, and will keep his attention until the hunter appears with his rifle. The smaller drawing shows a hunter lying in

wait for a fine bull as it leaves the bush. Unlike the kongoni, the koodoo tires quickly if the pace is forced at first; and, if he be found in open country, a hunter mounted on a good horse ought certainly to overhaul him. This also applies to the eland. In the mountainous and rocky country near the coast of Angola, where I hunted the animal, a horse would be quite useless. The "wait-a-bit" thorn is particularly thick here, and I found the hornbills a great nuisance, as they fluttered ahead of me with their alarm cry of "Go-way, go-way," which disturbed the game in front. A wounded bull koodoo will put up a fight when attacked by dogs, and makes good use of his horns on such occasions.




# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## COURTSHIP CONUNDRUMS.

*By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.*

I HAVE just had a novel experience—that of “broadcasting” a series of talks on natural history themes. It was certainly somewhat disconcerting at first, for I was addressing a vast audience which I could not see, and therefore could not possibly tell whether my listeners were being bored to tears or whether they found what I had to say interesting. However, shoals of appreciative letters have since come to me; one from a reader of this page, who asks me whether I cannot explain here, at greater length, what I then tried to say as to the present-day interpretation of the “courtship” of animals as compared with the interpretation given by Darwin. Inasmuch as Nature, now that spring is here, is once more staging the old play “Love-Making,” it will be an appropriate theme for discussion.

To begin with, it will be well to bear in mind that, when we venture to criticise the Darwinian interpretation, we ought to remember that he could do no more than base his theory on the evidence available at the time. He was the first to concentrate attention on this theme, and to give it shape. We have the fruits of successive harvests, extending over more than fifty years, to select from when reviewing his work. Had he known what we know he would have written differently. He strove to explain to us the possible origin and evolution of resplendent colours, such as glorify the peacock and the argus-pheasant, and the wings of butterflies, for example. These he believed to be due to “sexual selection”; that is to say, to the “selective” action of the females in choosing their mates.

Birds make ready for their bridal time  
By change of feather.

So wrote Tennyson. Darwin knew as much; he also knew that some wore their fine feathers the year round, and this required explanation. He found what he believed to be the key to the riddle in the behaviour of the peacock and other birds. Now, the peacock seems, at first, to provide all the evidence we need. Watch, as you can easily do, from

to face his supercilious mate. Again the display is appropriate to the splendour. That is to say, it differs in each species, and seems always calculated to make the uttermost of the most conspicuous features of the plumage.

Now, Darwin held, and it must be admitted with

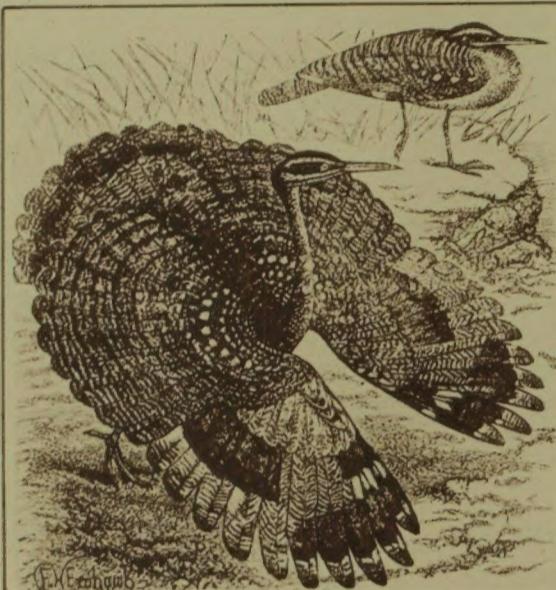


FIG. 1.—THE SUN-BITTERN'S COURTSHIP DISPLAY: SHOWING PATCHES OF COLOUR NOT OTHERWISE VISIBLE.

The sun-bittern apparently spreads his wings for the sole purpose of displaying vivid patches of colour, visible only at this time.

*From Pycraft's "History of Birds."*

good reason, that these splendours have come about by the “selective” action of the females, who choose from among a number of suitors the most persistent and brightly coloured, so that from small beginnings we finally get the superb coloration of the peacock, the pheasants, and the birds of paradise, for example; even though it may have taken a thousand years to bring them to their present perfection. Wallace, his keenest critic, would never accept this interpretation. He urged that it demanded a uniform standard of beauty shared by all the females of the species, who persistently refused to mate with suitors who fell short of that standard. But his own explanation was much less convincing. For he attributed this development to an excess of “vigor.” Yet it contained the germ of truth, though this has only become apparent during recent years. And even now there are features which elude us.

But we are surely on the right track. The clue to the situation was furnished by the investigations of Mr. Eliot Howard into the life-

histories of our British warblers, than which it would be hard to find birds more soberly clad. Yet when in amorous mood, the posturing of the males in no wise differs from such as wear plumes of indescribable splendour. The grasshopper-warbler (Fig. 3) spreads out his wings and tail in almost exactly the same way as the sun-bittern (Fig. 1), whose wings, when thus displayed, but at no other time, reveal brilliant patches of colour. They seem to be spread for the sole purpose of displaying these gaily coloured areas. Yet the little warbler has no such lure. Among birds at this season no two species behave alike, but all express their emotions in some striking way, some by the display of bright patches of colour or excessively developed plumes,

or brilliantly coloured wind-bags—as in the ruffed grouse or the frigate-bird—or by aerial evolutions like those of the wood-pigeon. These all function as “aphrodisiacs.”

But whence, then, and why, the vivid colours? Apart from colours due to structural peculiarities of the surface of the feathers, which change their hues with the incidence of the light—like the train-feathers of the peacock, or certain other colours such as blue—the vivid hues of birds are due to pigment; and the same is true of the dull greys, buffs, and browns of the more soberly clad species. This pigment is either a waste product, derived from the blood—a “melanin-pigment”—or, as in the case of the yellows, a “lipochrome,” or fat-pigment. Under the action of the, as yet, imperfectly understood action of secretions distilled and diffused by the sexual glands, secretions known as “hormones,” the character of these pigments becomes changed, so that they acquire a strange intensification.

But this process of beautification is excessively slow, and begins with the males. We can study its progressive stages in the kingfishers. In the Australian “laughing-jackass” we have no more than a bright blue shade along the back and wing-coverts. In other species the whole plumage of the males is resplendent, while the females and young remain dowdily clad.

Then we find other species wherein both sexes wear a brilliantly coloured dress, the young only retaining the ancestral coloration. Finally, we come to our own kingfisher, wherein male, female, and young are alike resplendent. Our house-sparrow and the tree-sparrow present parallel cases, for only the last-named, in both sexes and at all ages, wear a resplendent dress.

That vivid colours are indeed the product, in some way, of the reproductive glands is shown by the fact that in many species they are worn only during the breeding season, after which the gay splendours of courtship are discarded, and a dull dress assumed, as in the case of many of our “wading birds,” such as the knot, godwit, dunlin, and golden plover.

On another occasion I should like to follow this up, and show how these resplendent liveries, assumed for the period of “courtship,” are worn longer and longer, till at last they become a permanent dress in one or both sexes, and finally the young. But, more than this, I should also like to discuss the bearing of this theme on the vivid hues of the butterflies and other insects, as well as in creatures such as the fishes and reptiles, many of which often blaze with colour. These facts, then, seem to show that we must find some other explanation of vivid coloration in place of “sexual selection.” Yet “sexual selection” is true, in so far as that males which do not strive to arouse the maternal instincts of their mates die without offspring. A “selection” is inevitably made between the more and the less amorous of both sexes.

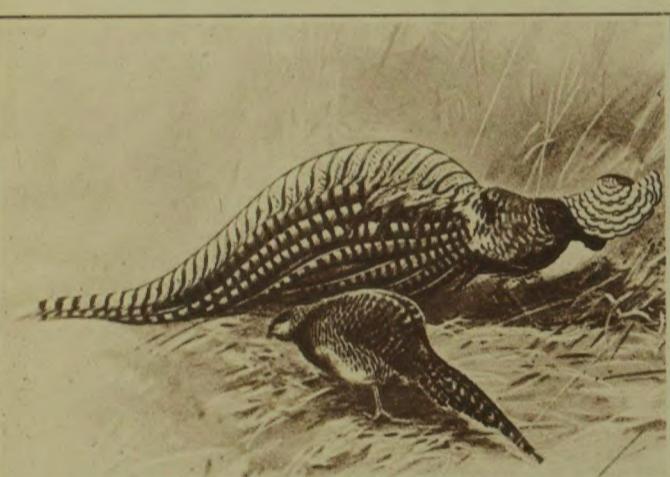


FIG. 2.—THE AMHERST PHEASANT AS WOOR: DISPLAYING HIS GREAT NECK-FRILL AND BRILLIANT PLUMAGE TO HIS MATE.

The Amherst pheasant is a bird of singular beauty, and, when wooing his soberly coloured mate, seems to take particular care to exhibit to the best possible advantage the great neck-frill and the brilliant hues of the back and tail.

*From Pycraft's "History of Birds."*

now onwards, an amorous male trying to arouse the parental instincts of his mate. Having spread his gorgeous train, he approaches her backwards, so that she sees nothing but a great grey shield. Then, when he deems himself sufficiently near, he swirls round and faces her, at the same time giving a loud scream, and rustling the great feathers of the train so as to produce a sound which may be likened to the patter of falling rain on leaves. Time and again the only response made to this performance is one of utter boredom. She affects to be busy feeding and not in the slightest degree interested! But sooner or later his persistence is rewarded. He, at any rate, seems to be quite conscious of his splendours, and of the best means of displaying them. The same is true of the argus-pheasant, the common pheasant, the golden and Amherst pheasants (Fig. 2). These last two wear a great and superbly coloured frill round the neck, and this frill can be twisted so that almost the whole of it can be brought round



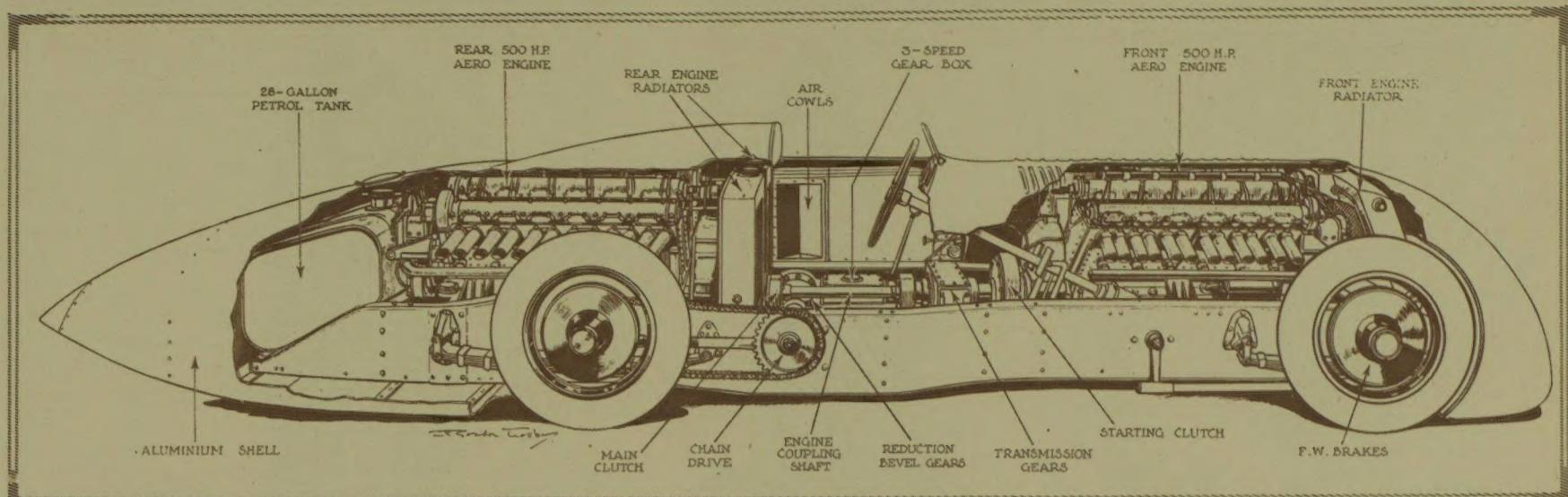
FIG. 3.—THE GRASSHOPPER-WARBLER IN COURTING MOOD: A DISPLAY, BUT NO GAY PLUMAGE TO SHOW.

The little grasshopper-warbler likewise spreads his wings when in an amorous mood: yet they are of the same sober brown as the rest of the plumage. Thus we must seek for some other reason for this particular form of display.

*From Pycraft's "History of Birds," after Howard.*

## THE 203-MILES-AN-HOUR MOTOR "RECORD": MAJOR SEGRAVE AND HIS CAR.

DIAGRAM REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE "AUTOCAR."



MECHANISM OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST MOTOR-CAR: A DIAGRAM SHOWING DETAILS OF THE 1000-H.P. SUNBEAM RACING CAR IN WHICH MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE RECENTLY BROKE ALL SHORT INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-SPEED "RECORDS," ON DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA, ATTAINING A MEAN SPEED OF OVER 203 M.P.H. AND (WITH THE WIND) OVER 207 M.P.H.

MAJOR H. O. D. Segrave, the famous racing motorist, broke the world's motor-speed record on Daytona Beach, Florida, on March 29, with the 1000-h.p. Sunbeam car specially designed for the purpose by Mr. Louis Coatalen, and built in the Sunbeam Works at Wolverhampton. Major Segrave covered the kilometre at 202·988 m.p.h., the mile at 203·988 m.p.h., and the five kilometres at 202·675 m.p.h. The speeds are calculated on the mean speed of runs made up and down the course. Down wind at one time he touched a speed of 207 m.p.h. Describing the mechanism of the car, the "Autocar" says: "Seen in its chassis state the machine is not so much reminiscent of a motor car as of the engine-room of a battleship before turbines came in. The frame of the car is enormous, consisting of two channel-steel girders about a couple of feet deep, braced with channel section cross-members. At each end of this frame is mounted a Sunbeam Matabele 500-h.p. twelve-cylinder aero engine. . . . When the car is being used the forward engine is first of all started up, then the clutch is let in so that it can start the aft engine. Thereafter the dog clutch is engaged, and the two engines run solid together. . . . Its calculated maximum speed should be about 220 m.p.h. At this speed about 3·66 miles are covered in one minute, and in one mile the engines make 546 revolutions. . . . The tyres are specially made high-pressure covers with very thin treads mounted on well-based rims with securing strips. For very high speeds a thick rubber tread is an impossibility, as the rubber is liable to leave the



MAJOR SEGRAVE IN THE CAR WITH WHICH HE BROKE THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD IN FLORIDA: A FRONT VIEW, TAKEN BEFORE HE LEFT ENGLAND.

casing owing to the effects of centrifugal force, hence the thinnest rubber tread only can be used. It is said that on a concrete road with the car at full speed these tyres could not possibly last more than a mile or two. Sand surfaces are less heavy on racing tyres from a disruptive point of view, and also allow them to run more coolly. One of the most interesting things about this car is the body, or shell. It is a compromise between the best possible streamline shape and the dimensions imposed by the size and positions of the two huge engines. Despite the size of the car the top is only 3 ft. 10 in. above the ground, whilst the ground clearance is about 7 in. In appearance the monster is hardly good-looking. 'Slug' describes it best. The basis of the shape is the half of a streamline body, flat side to earth. . . . In the cockpit there is room for a driver only, and on the deck in front of, and behind, his head are fairings to reduce resistance and deflect the air stream out of his face.

This body has been devised after various tests carried out on models in the wind tunnel at Vickers, Ltd., Weybridge. . . . In the design of the Sunbeam 'slug' Mr. Louis Coatalen has given the driver a reasonable chance in case of accident. For example, the under-shield is made of six-millimetre steel plate so that the car might slide on its belly if a wheel came off. Also in front of, and behind, the driver is a stout steel hoop within the body to prevent it from crushing in if the car overturned. Incidentally the shell is made in a series of sections which can be removed to allow access to the various points in the machinery."

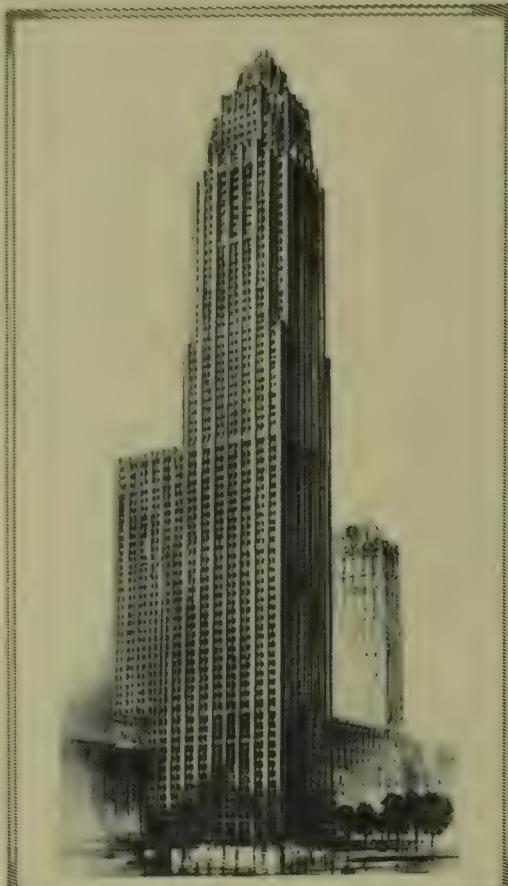


IN THE MONSTER CAR THAT IS LIKE A "SLUG," BUT FAR FROM SLUGGISH: MAJOR SEGRAVE AT THE WHEEL OF THE 1000-H.P. SUNBEAM RACING CAR SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE PURPOSE, IN WHICH HE ESTABLISHED A NEW SPEED RECORD OF OVER 203 MILES AN HOUR ON DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA—THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ENGLAND BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE TO AMERICA.

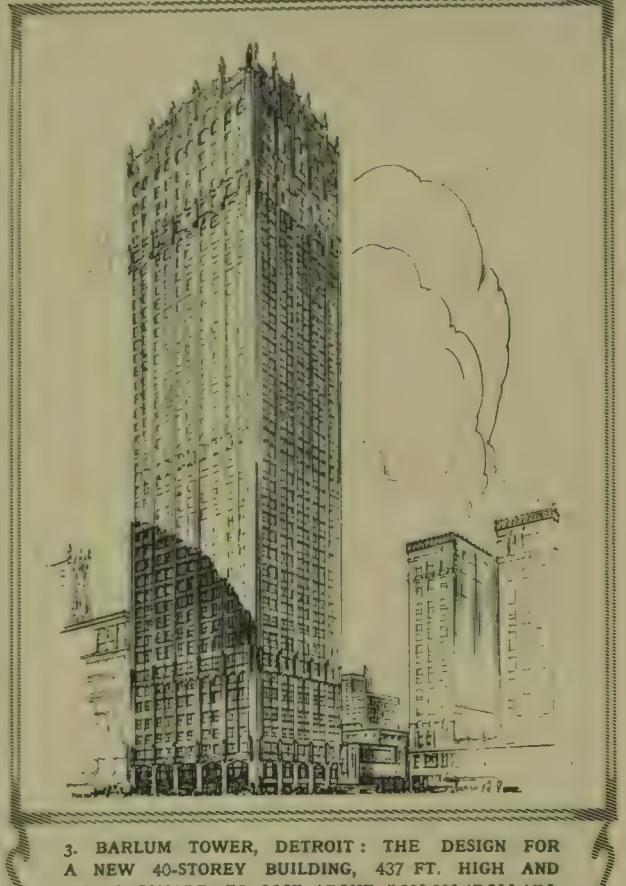
## COLOSSAL ARCHITECTURE: REMARKABLE BUILDINGS OF MODERN AMERICA.



1. EATON TOWER, DETROIT: ONE OF FOUR HUGE NEW BUILDINGS IN THAT CITY WHICH ARE TO BE COMPLETED THIS YEAR.



2. THE BOOK TOWER, DETROIT: THE DESIGN FOR AN ENORMOUS 81-STORY STRUCTURE WHICH WILL BE 873 FT. HIGH.



3. BARLUM TOWER, DETROIT: THE DESIGN FOR A NEW 40-STORY BUILDING, 437 FT. HIGH AND 100 FT. SQUARE, TO COST ABOUT 5,000,000 DOLLARS.

ON this and succeeding pages we illustrate some of the most remarkable of the vast and towering buildings, completed or under construction, in New York and other cities of the United States. They are as wonderful, in reality, as the colossal architecture of the future pictured in the new German film, "Metropolis." We do not include here the great 110-storey Larkin Tower, the design for which was illustrated in our issue of January 8. It will rise above 42nd Street, New York, to a height of 1208 ft., and when finished will be the highest building in the world. As the above illustrations show, Detroit is beginning to rival the famous horizon of Manhattan Island, and will this year have four huge new sky-scrappers completed. The following notes are supplied on the six buildings seen on this page: (1) Architecturally, Eaton Tower (at Detroit) is a modern adaptation of the art of the late Italian Renaissance. The exterior is of Indiana limestone. The first five floors have been designed to accommodate stores and shops, while the top four floors are reserved for artists, architects, and the like. Special provision has been made on the rest of the floors for doctors and dentists. (2) The Book Tower at Detroit, being

built for the J. B. Book Jr. Corporation by Louis Kamper, assisted by Paul L. Kamper, will be 873 ft. high, with 81 floors above street level and four below, and a total floor space of 1,765,000 square feet. (3) The Barlum Tower, now rising in Detroit, will be a 100-ft. square white tower 437 ft. high, surmounted by a crown of nugget-gold terra-cotta. It will be flood-lit at night, and will be visible for miles. The architecture is an adaptation of the Gothic style. (4) The new Penobscot Building, now under construction at Detroit, will have 45 storeys and will cost about 5,000,000 dollars. It will be 551 ft. high, with 1,450,000 square feet of floor space. It is being equipped with 34 high-speed elevators. (5) The head offices of the New York Life Insurance Company are now being built on the site of the famous old Madison Square Garden. (6) The Magnolia Building at Dallas, Texas, is about 450 ft. high. The architect is Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, who started his career in the Architect's Department of the London County Council. This building stands amid the great Texas plains, where winds calls "northerns" blow for two or three days at fifty to seventy-five miles an hour. A bridge at the 18th storey acts as a stiffener.



4. NEW PENOBSCOT BUILDING, DETROIT: THE DESIGN FOR A 45-STORY TOWER 551 FT. HIGH UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



5. THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S HEAD OFFICES UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE SITE OF THE OLD MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: AMERICA'S LARGEST BUILDING IN FLOOR AREA



6. MAGNOLIA BUILDING AT DALLAS, TEXAS, 450 FT. HIGH, DESIGNED BY A FORMER L.C.C. ARCHITECT.

## COLOSSAL ARCHITECTURE: ONE OF NEW YORK'S "INCREDIBLE PINNACLES."



"A KIND OF GOTHIC SPIRE": THE GREAT WOOLWORTH BUILDING IN NEW YORK, NEARLY 800 FT. HIGH.

Stupendous architecture in a wonder city of the future is pictured in the German film, "Metropolis," lately produced at the Marble Arch Pavilion, recalling scenes from H. G. Wells's story, "The Sleeper Wakes." It may not be realised by all film-goers, however, that buildings equally wonderful already exist, in actual fact, in New York and other great American cities. The late Mr. Joseph Pennell, the famous artist, whose imagination was kindled by the romantic grandeur of great industrial and commercial structures, called New York "the unbelievable city." As seen from approaching ships, it rises

out of the sea like some vision of fairyland, with its mighty line of sky-scrappers, more marvellous than Camelot, "prick'd with incredible pinnacles into heaven." The Woolworth Building, which is 792 ft. high, and long held pride of place among the sky-scrappers of New York, has been compared to a thickened Gothic spire. Tall as it is, it will yet be dwarfed by the gigantic Larkin Tower, which, as noted on another page, will attain no less than 1208 ft., and, when completed, will be the highest building in the world. It is named after its architects, John A. and Edward L. Larkin.

## COLOSSAL ARCHITECTURE: "BABYLONIAN" MASSIVENESS IN NEW YORK.



A NEW MOUNTAIN OF MASONRY IN NEW YORK: THE ENORMOUS BARCLAY-VESEY BUILDING.

"The step between the gigantic and the artistic in the building of sky-scrappers," says a French writer, M. Louis Thomas, "was taken two years ago when the municipality of New York, followed by all the rest in America, imposed certain rules for their construction. The height must be proportionate to the width of the street. In a street about ten metres (about 30 ft.) wide, a ten-storey building may be erected. Then, by 'stepping' or indenting the upper part of the façade, the building may rise as high again. The application of these principles has created a new style of architecture, or rather, a series of new

architectural forms. The new head office of the Telephone Company—the Barclay-Vesey Building—and the Shelton Hotel, in New York, are masterpieces in this manner. The enormous bulk of the Barclay-Vesey Building, despite its indentations, has a Babylonian aspect. This great building cost fifteen million dollars, including the site. It has 31 storeys, of which 5 are underground. Seen from the Hudson it does not lack a certain barbaric majesty. From a close view, the effect is shattering, and to an imaginative mind the painful question suggests itself, what would happen in an earthquake?"

## COLOSSAL ARCHITECTURE: SAN FRANCISCO'S TOWER OF THE TITANS.



A CHALLENGE TO EARTHQUAKES: THE ENORMOUS NEW PACIFIC TELEPHONE BUILDING AT SAN FRANCISCO.

In contemplating the equally enormous Barclay-Vesey Building in New York (illustrated on a previous page), which is also a central telephone exchange, M. Louis Thomas asks what would happen to these huge buildings in the event of an earthquake? New York, fortunately, has not been subject to such visitations, but San Francisco, it will be remembered, was devastated by a great earthquake and consequent fire in 1906. In New York, of course, the sky-scraper came into being through the constriction of space on Manhattan Island; but there does not seem to be the same necessity for such towering structures where there is plenty

of room. "The thing which limits the height of the sky-scraper," writes M. Thomas, "is the lift. These enormous buildings need batteries of lifts, each battery serving for about ten storeys. Their number is such that from the basement to the tenth floor half the space is used by the lift cages. . . . Moreover there are the men for working the lift, and a man who regulates the departures at the foot of each battery of lifts during the eight-hours day's work. The cost of all this becomes gigantic, and it can be said that for all these reasons buildings of over forty storeys will be very rare in the United States."

## COLOSSAL ARCHITECTURE: GOTHIC "ARROW" AND "STEP PYRAMID" STYLES.



THE "CHICAGO TRIBUNE" BUILDING AT CHICAGO:  
AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE APPLIED  
TO AMERICAN SKY-SCRAPERS.



THE IMMENSE BUILDING OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY,  
AT SAINT LOUIS: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF THE "STEP PYRAMID" STYLE.

Explaining the popularity of sky-scrappers in America generally, M. Louis Thomas says, in his article quoted on previous pages: "Because all the towns of the United States and Canada copy New York, the excellent Americans of the centre or the west, and even those of the south, consider it a point of honour to provide their cities with sky-scrappers which are, for the most part, unnecessary." In New York, where they first arose, they were due to the lack of building space, as already mentioned. Discussing the aesthetic side of the new colossal architecture thus brought into existence, the same writer goes on to say: "American architects,

most of whom had studied at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, soon realised that they must give their clients something better than the original sky-scrappers, which were truly hideous. Consequently the architects began to seek ideas in various directions. The towers were crowned with ornaments, more or less appropriate. The Municipal Building of New York got some of its lines from the Italian Renaissance; the Woolworth Building in New York and the 'Chicago Tribune' Office in Chicago grew into a kind of Gothic 'arrow,' or spire, made thicker, and, to my taste, too much ornamented."

## MASKS FOR WORK AND PLAY: CURIOUS FORMS OF FACE "ARMOUR."



A STRANGE DOG-FACE EFFECT: AN AMERICAN TYPE OF WORKMAN'S FELT RESPIRATOR TO INTERCEPT DUST.



WITH A FELT HELMET AS DUST-FILTER THAT WOULD ALSO PROTECT A MINER'S HEAD: AN AMERICAN RESPIRATOR.



A HOME-MADE AMERICAN RESPIRATOR, OF CHEESE CLOTH: PROTECTION IN WHITE-LEAD AND OTHER INDUSTRIES.



A RESPIRATOR WHOSE WEARER LITERALLY BREATHES THROUGH HIS HAT: A U.S. BUREAU OF MINES TYPE.



AN AMERICAN SPORTS GIRL EQUIPPED FOR THE GAME OF BASKET-BALL: FACE-PROTECTION CONSISTING OF A PADDED MASK OF CURIOUS APPEARANCE.



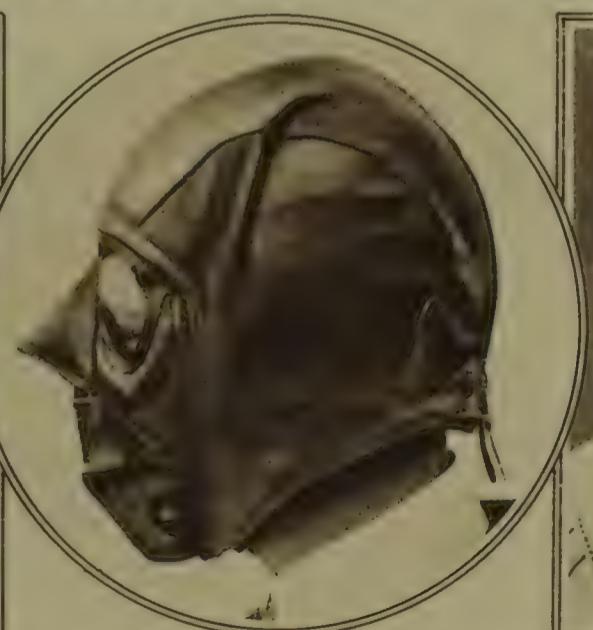
A GIRL FILLING SODA-WATER SYPHONS (LIABLE TO BURST) WITH HER FACE PROTECTED BY A "CAGE": AN EMPLOYEE IN SCHWEPPES' LONDON FACTORY.



PROTECTION AGAINST GERMS FROM DUSTY TOMES: WOMEN WITH GAUZE WRAPPINGS OVER MOUTH AND HEAD MENDING OLD BOOKS IN AN AMERICAN LIBRARY.



BASEBALL "FACE-ARMOUR": AN UMPIRE (WHO STANDS BEHIND THE CATCHER) IN "VIZOR" AND CHEST-PAD.



AN ARCTIC EXPLORER'S PROTECTION AGAINST THE COLD: A LINED LEATHER HELMET FITTING CLOSELY.



BASEBALL "FACE-ARMOUR" OF LATTICE-WORK TYPE: A CATCHER IN PROTECTIVE HELMET AND CHEST-PAD.

We illustrate here some of the curious forms assumed by protective masks and respirators as used in various branches of industry and sport. Our examples are, of course, by no means exhaustive. We have not included, for instance, the type that has the most tragic associations—that is, the gas-mask brought into being through the introduction of poison gas as a weapon of war. Several other kinds of masks may also be called to mind, as those of the fireman and the diver, the oxygen-inhaling apparatus of the high-climber, theatrical masks, or the protective mask used in fencing. The four photographs at the top show different kinds

of throat-protection against dangerous dusts, as used in American mines and other industries. The second and fourth illustrate a new type of respirator devised by the United States Bureau of Mines. A descriptive note on one says: "The dust-filter is built into the brimless hat or cap. A rubber tube connects this filter with the nose-cap. The inhaled air passes first through the outer filtering material to the interior of the cap, then through a valve at the top of the cap, and through the rubber tube to the nose-cover. Thus the wearer literally breathes through his hat. Canton flannel is employed. Curled hair is placed between the linings."

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FRANCE BEATS ENGLAND AT RUGBY FOOTBALL FOR THE FIRST TIME:

## THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH FIFTEEN AT COLOMBES.

The French team consisted of: L. Destrac (back); J. Vellat, R. Behateguy, P. Gerald, and A. Jaureguy (three-quarter backs); A. Verger and C. Dupont (half-backs); and E. Ribère, A. Cazenave, E. Piquiral, J. Gallia, E. Bousquet, J. Loury, C. A. Connet, and Morère (forwards).



THE SEVENTH BARON FOLEY; LADY FOLEY; AND THE EIGHTH BARON FOLEY.

The seventh Baron Foley, who succeeded his cousin in 1918, died on April 3, aged 28. He married Minoru, daughter of Mr. H. Greenstone, and widow of Mr. E. Barrie. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Adrian Foley (born in August 1923).



MR. EDWARD LLOYD.  
(Born, March 7, 1845; died, March 31.) The great tenor. First won fame at the Gloucester Festival in 1871, after having been heard at the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden.



THE TWENTIETH EARL OF ROTHES.

Succeeded his father on March 29. Born in 1902. In 1926 married Beryl Violet, daughter of Mr. J. L. Dugdale, Crathorne Hall, Yarm, Yorkshire.



SIR CHARLES H. TUPPER.  
(Died, March 31; aged 71.) Held office in various Canadian Ministries (Conservative). At thirty-two, was Minister of Marine and Fisheries; later, Minister of Justice.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM THWAITES.  
Appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the British Army of the Rhine, in succession to Gen. Sir John Du Cane. A former Military Attaché in Berlin.



THE MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN.  
Reported about to retire from politics owing to lack of sympathy with the political atmosphere in India. Delegate to the Imperial Conference, 1926.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH:  
CAMBRIDGE, THE WINNERS.

(Back row, left to right) G. Illingworth, N. C. Selway, R. Scott-Moncrieff, A. Fell, L. Evelyn-Jones, C. H. Harvie; (front) H. F. Robinson, R. W. A. Speed, G. H. Grimwade, and J. S. C. Maughan.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH:  
OXFORD, THE LOSERS.

(Back row, left to right) D. H. R. Martin, O. J. Roy, T. P. Whitaker, R. W. G. Zair, A. S. Bradshaw; (front) R. E. C. Butterworth, R. H. Oppenheimer, C. F. Penruddock, J. H. Taylor, and R. D. Mathieson.

France beat England in the Rugby match at Colombes by a try (3 points) to nil. A. Jaureguy captained the French Fifteen; and L. J. Corbett, the English Fifteen.—The late Lord Foley was the only son of the late Mr. Henry St. George Foley, of the Foreign Office, by his marriage to Lady Mary Adelaide Agar, daughter of the third Earl of Normanton, and grandson of General the Hon. Sir St. George Foley. For a while, he held a commission in the Royal Air Force.—Mr. Edward Lloyd retired at the height of his fame, in 1900, and only sang twice in public after that—at the Coronation of King George, when he rendered the solo part in the anthem, and at a Mansion House concert for Belgian refugees.—The

late Lord Rothes, who died on March 29, at the age of forty-nine, succeeded in 1893, as nineteenth Earl of Rothes and Baron Leslie and Ballinbreich in the peerage of Scotland.—Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper was the second son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bt., twice High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada in London. In 1892 he was appointed Agent for Great Britain in the Behring Sea Arbitration. Three years later he became Minister of Justice and Attorney-General.—In the Oxford and Cambridge golf match at Hoylake, Cambridge won by nine games to six. They were successful in the singles by seven games to three.

## THE RUMANIAN SUCCESSION: NEW

## PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



RUMANIA'S BRITISH QUEEN: A RECENT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARIE (WITH HER HAIR CUT SHORT), THE MOST FAMOUS OF BALKAN ROYALTIES



THE CROWN PRINCESS, WIFE OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCE CAROL, WHO RENOUNCED HIS RIGHTS.



KING FERDINAND OF RUMANIA, WHOSE SERIOUS ILLNESS CAUSED ANXIETY: A RECENT PORTRAIT TAKEN SINCE HIS OPERATION A FEW MONTHS AGO.



THE CROWN PRINCE MICHAEL: THE LITTLE BOY WHO BECAME HEIR TO THE THRONE OF RUMANIA WHEN HIS FATHER, PRINCE CAROL, RENOUNCED HIS RIGHTS OF SUCCESSION.



THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEIR TO THE THRONE OF RUMANIA: ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF PRINCE MICHAEL, IN THE EVENT OF WHOSE SUCCESSION IT WAS ARRANGED TO ESTABLISH A REGENCY.

King Ferdinand of Rumania, who, it will be remembered, underwent a severe operation last December, was lately taken seriously ill with pneumonia following on influenza. The first bulletins, on April 1, indicated that his condition was likely to become critical, but those of the next few days were slightly more hopeful, and announced some improvement. It was reported that a conference held at the police headquarters in Bucharest, and attended by the commander of the garrison, had caused considerable stir among the people, and that circles in touch with the Palace feared some catastrophe. At a meeting on April 4, the National Peasant Party decided to accept, along with the other political parties, the constitutional law of January 1926, establishing a Regency in the event of King Ferdinand's death. The law was necessitated by the fact that Prince Carol, the King's elder son, had renounced his right of succession. Prince Carol married in March, 1921, Princess Helena of Greece; and their son, Prince Michael, who became Crown Prince on his father's abdication of his rights, was born on October 25, 1921. Queen Marie is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. She was born at Eastwell Park in 1875.

## LEARNING TO FLY IN TEN HOURS: HOW AN OWNER-PILOT IS TAUGHT TO HANDLE HIS MACHINE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, AT THE DE HAVILLAND SCHOOL OF FLYING, STAG LANE AERODROME, EDGWARE. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE "LIGHT CAR" OF THE AIR: ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING HOW SIMPLE IT IS TO "DRIVE."

The efficiency of the modern "light" aeroplane has made flying and owning an aeroplane possible to many people, so that a new type of airman—the owner-pilot—has taken his place in aviation, just as the owner-driver steers the majority of cars. The trials at Lympne last autumn encouraged this form of flying. A few days ago Lord Thomson, who was Air Minister in the Labour Government, addressing Glasgow cadets, said that every lad who learned to fly was performing a patriotic duty; the military airman required tremendous skill, but to all intents and purposes commercial aviation was safe. A machine of the type depicted costs about £800, and, with care, lasts long. Our illustrations show how the budding owner-pilot is taught to fly his machine after about nine to ten hours' dual and solo flying practice. After studying the controls he learns something about the flying instruments carried, particularly the air-speed indicator—a most important instrument. If you once learn the minimum speed of your machine (below which the machine dives to recover),

and then keep above this by a fair margin, you may say you have at once learned the golden rule of flying. The pupil progresses under the tuition of a skilled instructor, who teaches him, as they fly together, by means of a speaking tube, and is always ready to take control (aeroplanes of this type have dual controls) if the learner does something radically wrong. When the pupil is ready to "take his ticket"—that is, go through the test for his aviator's certificate—an independent observer, representing the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain, comes over and watches him go through the prearranged tests. At last he takes delivery of his new machine. He can fly to his own aerodrome, or hire a garage at Stag Lane. With no traffic to delay him, no police traps, or "ten mile limits," and an average speed of eighty miles an hour, he can lunch in London and dine in Paris, and tour at will from place to place. So great is the popularity of learning to fly on the type of machine illustrated that the London Flying Club soon had a waiting list of over a thousand people.

## WHERE "FOREIGNERS WERE SHOT DOWN" BY NATIONALISTS:



COUNTERACTING "RED" PROPAGANDA IN SHANGHAI: A LECTURE OFFICER OF THE ANRUOCHUN ARMY'S PROPAGANDA BUREAU TALKING TO A STREET CROWD ON THE DANGER OF CANTONSESE INFLUENCE.



NANKING, THE SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE ON THE BRITISH, AMERICAN, AND JAPANESE CONSULATES: A VIEW SHOWING THE CITY WALL, OVER WHICH THE U.S. CONSUL AND HIS PARTY ESCAPED TO SOOCY HILL (IN BACKGROUND).



MURDERED DURING THE NATIONALIST OUTRAGES AT NANKING: THE LATE DR. A. E. WILLIAMS, THE AMERICAN VICE-PRINCIPAL OF NANKING UNIVERSITY.



LIFE AT NANKING BEFORE THE OUTRAGES: LUNCH AT THE GOLF CLUB—SHOWING CHINESE CADDIES (WITH SASHES AND NUMBERS) AMONG THE GROUP OF NATIVE BOYS IN THE BACKGROUND.



INCLUDING MR. JOHN K. DAVIS (X), U.S. CONSUL AT NANKING, AT BACK, AND MRS. DAVIS (X) IN FRONT, WHO HAD NARROW ESCAPES: A FANCY-DRESS PARTY. The Nationalist atrocities committed at the British, American, and Japanese Consulates in Nanking on March 24 included the murders of Dr. L. Satchwell Smith, British port doctor there for many years, Mr. H. Huber, British harbour master, and Dr. A. E. Williams, an American Presbyterian missionary who was Vice-Principal of Nanking University. A British sailor of H.M.S. "Emerald," two French Jesuit priests, and a Japanese stoker were also killed; and among the wounded were Mr. Bertram Giles, the British Consul, and Captain Spear, who had gone to the help of Dr. Smith when he was attacked. All the Consulates were looted. Mr. John K. Davis, the United States Consul, with his wife and party, had terrible experiences in escaping over the city wall to the Standard Oil Company's building on Soocy Hill, whose occupants were only saved later by signalling from the roof to the "Emerald" and an American destroyer in the Yangtze, which promptly shelled the approaches to the building, and caused the assailants to decamp. The outrages, at Nanking emphasized the need of strong concerted action in China by the Powers concerned. On April 4 it was announced that the Shanghai Defence Force was to be reinforced by another



CONSTRUCTING MACHINE-GUN POSTS ALONG THE SHANGHAI-HANGCHOW RAILWAY NEAR THE BRITISH BILLETTS IN JESSFIELD PARK, SHANGHAI: INDIAN SAPPERS WITH A BRITISH OFFICER. The trial of Liu Yu-chun, commander of Wu-chang, began on April 10. The Chinese general, who had been accused of the massacre of 150 British soldiers at Nanking, was charged with being responsible for the massacre of 150 British sailors at Shanghai. He denied the charge and claimed that he had been ordered to do nothing more than to defend his troops against the rebels. The trial was adjourned until April 12.

## NANKING; BRITISH AND AMERICAN VICTIMS; SHANGHAI.



THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS ARRIVING IN SHANGHAI: THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN MARCHING PAST THE SALUTING-BASE IN FRONT OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE.



CAMERA-SHY CHINESE GIRLS IN SHANGHAI: A BARROW-LOAD OF EIGHT TOWED BY A VEHICLE ALONG A ROAD AND GUIDED BY A SINGLE COOLIE.



INCLUDING DR. L. SATCHWELL SMITH (THIRD FROM LEFT ON GROUND IN FRONT), THE MURDERED BRITISH DOCTOR, AND (NEXT TO RIGHT) MR. BERTRAM GILES, THE BRITISH CONSUL, WOUNDED IN THE ATTACK ON THE CONSULATE: A NANKING PARTY BEFORE THE OUTRAGE.



IN COMMAND OF THE 2ND BATTALION COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT SHANGHAI: LIEUT.-COL. D. R. B. LAWRENCE, M.C.



ONE OF WU PEI-FU'S GENERALS RECEIVING SENTENCE FROM A NATIONALIST TRIBUNAL: THE TRIAL OF LIU YU-CHUN, COMMANDER OF WUCHANG.



A BRITISH GUARDSMAN AT SHANGHAI INTERESTED IN YOUNG CHINA: REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR KYTE, COLDSTREAM GUARDS (IN CENTRE). Brigade, including battalions of the Scots Guards, Queen's Royal Regiment, Northamptonshires, and the Welch Regiment. It was stated that these troops would leave England on April 11 and 13. Grossly exaggerated reports of the Chinese casualties from the shelling at Nanking were refuted in Parliament by Sir Austen Chamberlain, who quoted Chiang Kai-shek's own statement that they amounted to 6 killed and 15 wounded. The Foreign Secretary also announced that he had received a telegram from H.M. Consul-General at Nanking "in which he states that the outstanding fact which can be proved beyond question is that the looting and killing were the work of Hunanese Nationalist soldiers in uniform. He adds that it is an established fact that foreigners were shot down in cold blood by nationalistic soldiers, and that practically every foreign house, including three Consulates, was gutted, and at least eight foreign houses burnt down, all by nationalistic soldiers. Looting continued for several days. The information received from Japanese and American sources entirely confirms that received from British sources as to the origin and character of these outrages."

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 TO 4 BY WELLCOME HISTORICAL MEDICAL MUSEUM.



USED BY LISTER, THE PIONEER OF "SAFE" SURGERY, IN HIS MAJOR OPERATIONS: A LARGE STEAM "SPRAY."



A GAUZE-MAKING MACHINE: THE DEVICE INVENTED BY LISTER FOR THE PREPARATION OF ANTISEPTIC GAUZE.



AS USED BY LISTER IN PURSUANCE OF HIS ANTISEPTIC SURGERY: THE SURGEON'S PUMP—"SPRAY."



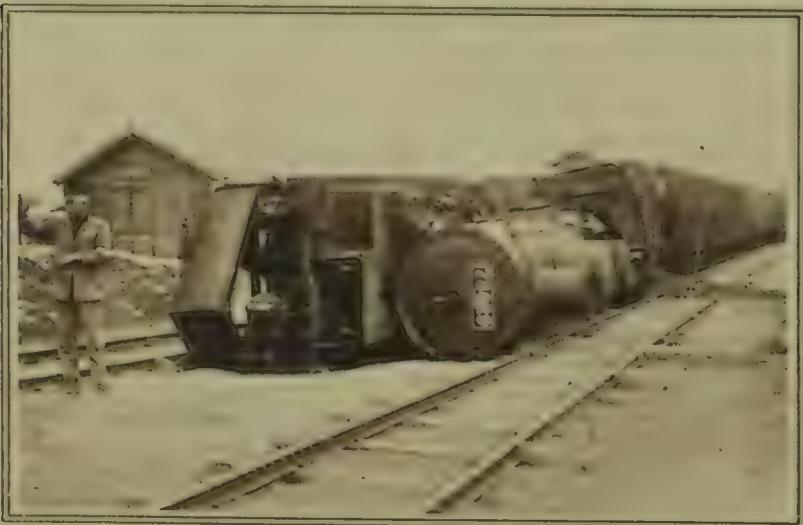
BEARING A LABEL IN LISTER'S HAND-WRITING: CAT-GUT STEEPED IN CARBOLIC—TO REPLACE SILK.



WHEN THE REVISED PRAYER-BOOK, WITH ITS ALTERNATIVE AND NEW SERVICES, WAS APPROVED BY OVERWHELMING MAJORITIES: THE JOINT MEETING OF THE CONVENTIONS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK, AT THE CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.



"BROADCAST" METHODS USED FOR MAKING ANNOUNCEMENTS TO TRAIN-PASSSENGERS: A "TUBE" CONDUCTOR USING THE MICROPHONE.



AFTER THE WORST EARTHQUAKE IN THE OSAKA-KOBE DISTRICT OF JAPAN SINCE 1900—AND CAUSE OF 4000 DEATHS: A TRAIN OVERTURNED.

Joseph Lister (later, the first Baron Lister) was born on April 5, 1827, and centenary celebrations are the order of the day, which is but fitting when it is recalled what an amazing revolution the great surgeon brought about when he "created" antiseptic surgery. Before his time, hospitals were hot-beds of septic poisoning, and many an otherwise successful operation was followed by death due to septicaemia. He it was who, following up the ideas of Pasteur, pioneered "safe" surgery, by applying carbolic acid to wounds, purifying the operator's hands and instruments and the patient's skin, and using a spray of a solution of the carbolic to destroy micro-organisms in the air and to irrigate the



THE FAMOUS FRENCH LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER WHO IS VOYAGING ROUND THE WORLD ALONE IN A 30-FOOT SAILING BOAT: M. ALAIN GERBAULT, AT SUVA.

wound. Later he did away with spray and antiseptic washing and used aseptic methods. He also introduced carbolised cat-gut for sutures and ligatures, in place of silk.—A test was made the other day, on the Hampstead "Tube," with a method of "broadcasting" conductors' announcements to passengers. The names of stations and so forth were spoken into a microphone, and the loud-speakers did the rest.—The severe local earthquake which occurred in Japan on March 7 led to a casualty roll of some four thousand killed and six thousand injured. The victims of the actual disaster were added to by exposure and starvation.—M. Gerbault sailed from New York in 1924.

## ANCIENT COIFFURE ON GREEK COINS: HAIR-DRESSING PROTOTYPES.

REPRODUCED FROM "SELECT GREEK COINS." BY GEORGE F. HILL, KEEPER OF COINS AND MEDALS, BRITISH MUSEUM. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHER, G. VANOEST, PARIS AND BRUSSELS.



1. WITH BANDEAU, SHINGLE EFFECT, AND SIDE-CURLS IN MODERN STYLE: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 470-60 B.C.).



2. WITH HAIR WAVED AND COILED, AND CLOSE-FITTING HEAD-BAND: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 470-60 B.C.).



3. WITH HAIR ROLLED UNLIKE MODERN STYLE: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 425-13 B.C.), BY EUCLIDAS.



4. WITH NOTHING MODERN EXCEPT LITTLE SIDE AND BACK CURLS: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 425 B.C.) BY SOSION.



5. THE VERY LATEST—"ETON CROP" WITH MASSED CURLS ON CROWN: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 400-50).



6. WITH LONG HAIR ROLLED OVER AND TURNED IN TO SHOW SHAPE OF HEAD: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 425 B.C.).



7. WITH FILLET ON THE FOREHEAD, AND "BUN-TRAP" AT BACK: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 413-399 B.C.).

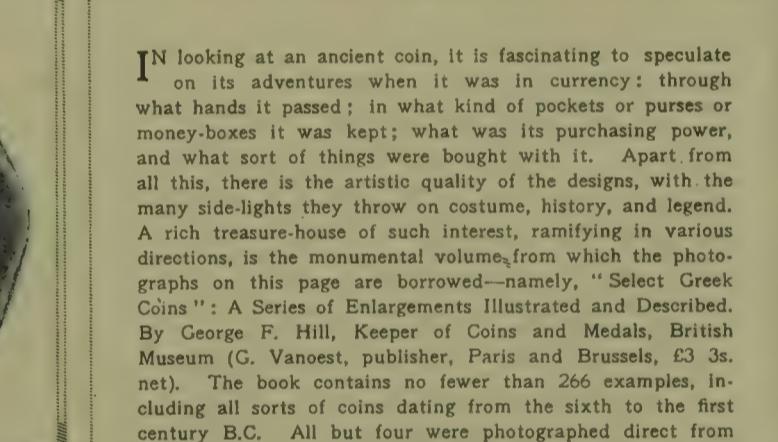


8. WITH SPIRAL CURLS IN AN EFFECT HAVING NO MODERN COUNTERPART: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 399-87 B.C.).



9. WITH HAIR AT THE BACK FOLDED OVER HEAD-BAND IN A ROLLED EFFECT: HEAD OF NYMPH ON A SILVER STATER OF TERINA (BRUTTIUM) (C. 425-400 B.C.).

IN looking at an ancient coin, it is fascinating to speculate on its adventures when it was in currency: through what hands it passed; in what kind of pockets or purses or money-boxes it was kept; what was its purchasing power, and what sort of things were bought with it. Apart from all this, there is the artistic quality of the designs, with the many side-lights they throw on costume, history, and legend. A rich treasure-house of such interest, ramifying in various directions, is the monumental volume, from which the photographs on this page are borrowed—namely, "Select Greek Coins": A Series of Enlargements Illustrated and Described. By George F. Hill, Keeper of Coins and Medals, British Museum (G. Vanoest, publisher, Paris and Brussels, £3 3s. net). The book contains no fewer than 266 examples, including all sorts of coins dating from the sixth to the first century B.C. All but four were photographed direct from the originals, instead of plaster casts, and they are reproduced on sixty-four full-page plates exquisitely printed in colotype. The coins have been uniformly magnified to a scale of three diameters. Probably never before has so extensive a series of enlargements been brought together and made available for general study and comparison with other arts. Herein consists the special value and importance of Mr. Hill's work. "To enlarge the work of a die-engraver three diameters," he writes, "is to put his skill to a cruel test. He never intended that his coins should be looked at under such conditions. Yet every day and nearly all day long numismatists are using their magnifying-glasses on his products. So that he has no choice. And if he runs the risk of his work failing under the test, he has a splendid reward when it passes muster, and the large sculptural qualities of his tiny relief come out on a scale on which they can be appreciated by everyone without microscopic eyes." The designs are arranged roughly according to their subjects, of which there is great variety—male heads, female heads, single figures, figures grouped with animals, chariot groups, animals (including birds, fishes, and insects), mythical monsters, plants, and inanimate objects. Mr. Hill has written a delightful introduction, as well as detailed descriptions of all the coins in tabular form. To the numismatist the book will be a cause of rejoicing; to the art-lover who has not specialised in coins, it will be a revelation.



10. WITH A COIFFURE OF LOOSE HAIR HELD IN TIGHTLY BY A JEWELLED NET: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 413-405 B.C.).



11. AN ELABORATE COIFFURE WITH WREATH AND HANGING CURLS—A CONTRAST TO THE SLEEK, NEAT MODERN STYLE: HEAD OF NYMPH ON A SILVER STATER OF STYMPHALUS, ARCADIA (C. 362-50 B.C.).



12. WITH MEDUSA-LIKE CURLS—NOTHING MODERN EXCEPT THE LONG EARRINGS AND TIGHT NECKLACE: HEAD OF ARETHUSA ON A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF SYRACUSE (C. 400-390 B.C.).

There is a special interest about the particular group of coins that we have chosen for reproduction from Mr. Hill's book, apart from their beauty as examples of Greek engraving. They show how the women of Syracuse, and other Greek colonies in Sicily, did their hair according to the fashions in vogue at different dates over two thousand years ago. In the Syracusan coinage of the fifth century B.C. the nymph Arethusa occupied much the same position as Britannia does on ours, and she is generally represented surrounded by dolphins. The very distinct variations in her coiffure could hardly be the result of the artist's

invention, and must have been copied from some living model. Some of these ancient fashions in hair-dressing, it will be seen, bear a remarkable resemblance to those which prevail among us to-day, or have been popular in recent years, while others have no parallel in modern times. In our notes under the above photographs we have indicated certain points, of comparison or contrast, which suggest themselves to the modern woman of Society. Perhaps the most notable of these comments is that on the coiffure shown in Photograph No. 5, which, we are assured, represents the very latest thing in modern hair-dressing.

# The World of the Theatre.

## THE POPULAR TASTE IN DRAMA.

**I**N a letter which Mr. Granville Barker wrote to the *Times* not long ago, he puts the question, "What are we doing about the education of public taste?" He seizes on the fact that Drury Lane has been given up for two years to a musical play, and adumbrates the opinion by implication that any form of good art can only be given to the public at a loss. The presumption is that a poor kind of art is the one "open

Why do we see long queues waiting to see musical comedies and crook-plays, or "House Full" boards outside theatres where they show "these charming people" and their delicate indelicacies? Ask the average man and woman of intelligence why they go to the theatre, and their frank reply is—to be amused. They have enough multiplication of vexation in the day's work, and the evening they give to subtraction.

They want to be entertained into forgetfulness. When I see a perfectly respectable and law-abiding citizen thrilled with murderous excitements and criminal mysteries, see him delighted by saxophonic medleys of noise and nonsense, or hear him gurgling like a rippling brook when the ark of propriety is irreverently touched, shall I lament over his bad taste? Does he sigh for the laxities which permitted the grave Montesquieu to pen follies at the request of a *grande dame* and Diderot's indecencies to be flagrant on the dressing-table? Not a bit of it. He is in the theatre and out of the world. It has been said that it is laughter which separates us from the beasts. The heart may be so full of mirth that there is no room for evil.

Those commercial managers whose aim is to provide amusing entertainment are satisfying a demand. It is more important that we inquire into the nature of that demand than the economics of supply. Because the play has no higher aim and makes no pretence to be intellectual, it need not be debased. I have seen so-called intellectual plays covering solemn pruriences with a veneer of ratiocination which were infinitely more pernicious than the most *outré* of Gallic farces.

Of course, there is something rotten in the state of Denmark, but it is deep-seated in our modern life. Ever since man grew self-conscious and democracy emerged, for good or ill his life has been divorced from a spiritual background. Tragedy is essentially religious, and this is an age of materialism. The result is panic and pessimism, and the primeval hunger of the soul finding no satisfaction in life flies to the anodyne of distraction. Laughter, however stimulated, is its own justification, for it means forgetting. Yet Romeo did not laugh under Juliet's balcony, nor Hamlet beside Ophelia's grave. We do not laugh in the presence of God. Drama itself springs from the twin heads of Dionysos and Apollo, and too long have we forgotten the nobler purpose.

It is the fear of sincere critics like Mr. Granville Barker that the theatre is being entirely surrendered to revelry. But action and reaction are equal and opposite. The mechanisation of life has stimulated

the soul to revolt. In America, where it is most acute, we see the reaction in the drama of Susan Glaspell, Eugene O'Neill, and Paul Green. That report of the Adult Education Committee which he cites is tremendously encouraging. There was never more interest taken in serious drama. The Little Theatre movement flourishes; amateurs are no longer content to repeat West End successes; a growing public is reading plays; and there are all sorts of pioneer efforts in the odd corners of the world of the theatre. Slowly but surely man is realising that he cannot live by bread alone. He has begun to strive after truth. Taste is an affair of the soul, and it is being exercised. The public interest that is now taken in the production of plays is a new phenomenon. Some change has imperceptibly come about, and on every side—the posters on the wall, the colour schemes in the home, the cry for the preservation of beauty-spots in the country, the jealous care of our City churches and squares, the protests against ugliness in every sphere—all indicate development of public taste. Does the success of such plays as "Escape," "Berkeley Square," "And So To Bed," "The Cradle Song," "The Farmer's Wife," "Yellow Sands," "The Beaux' Stratagem," mean nothing? "The Three Sisters" of Chekhov had to extend its season, and we saw the Russian Ballet packing the Lyceum. Is it nothing that the Theatre Guild are to give us Ansky's "The Dybbuk"? Times are changing.

Education may be slow, but it is sure. The human spirit is groping towards finer ideals. So long as it strives there is hope. Indifference spells death. Subsidies will not give us salvation. The most to hope for is that those who love the theatre will kindle others to enthusiasm. The spark of their fire may fall on inflammable tinder, and an enthusiastic playing public will want more than Dionysian laughter. There is no need to be anxious about their taste. It is more urgent that we whet their appetite. The bear-garden and the circus will be always with us, though they are called by other names. They are eminently desirable things. And that ever-growing audience which is becoming aware of beauty when it sees it, which is rousing itself from the *malaise* that infects the age, will support the best the theatre can give, and the play can never be too good. Mean-



IN "A HEN UPON A STEEPLE": LORD ROBERT (GEORGE TULLY), MRS. DUFRAINE (MISS IRENE BROWNE), AND LADY ROBERT (MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN).  
"A Hen Upon a Steeple," the new play by Joan Temple, recently produced at the Globe, shows how Lord Robert Chisellhurst, an erring husband, is brought to heel. Lady Robert Chisellhurst kidnaps him and "the other woman," Mrs. Dufrayne, and proceeds to make Lord Robert work as a sailor on board the yacht "Pixie." This drastic treatment has the desired effect, and the play ends with the repentance of the bad Lord Robert.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

sesame" to fortune. His remedy is, first, to make an inquiry into the economic conditions of music and drama, and by collective action raise a subsidy to educate the public taste.

Apart from the fallacy that profit bears any direct relation to the quality of the art presented—for good money is often thrown away on bad plays, just as financial success often crowns more ambitious efforts—it is very debatable whether you can teach good taste. You can create fashions, instil prejudices, and teach shibboleths. In the theatre we have had our Chekhovians, our Pirandellists, our Shavians, just as we had our Ibsenites; but not all of these were independent thinkers. How much of their appreciation was genuine? So, too, in every other art. The cult for the sculpture of Mr. Frank Dobson or Mr. Epstein, or the enthusiasm for the art of Mr. Stanley Spencer, is not free from the taint of hypocrisy. Are the number of Beethoven records sold the measure of the popular appreciation of the master's work? The bare truth is that the genuine taste of the few is only a fashion among the many. Where the few are moved, the many render lip-service. Praise degenerates into catch-words. But why elaborate the point? The Beethoven centenary celebrations have created hosts of hypocrites.

Taste is essentially an individual expression. It is beyond the reach of logic. A subsidised crusade might work miracles of persuasion through a well-organised publicity campaign. An effective slogan might fill even Drury Lane, providing the public were sufficiently mass-suggestionised. Though the audience in its secret heart yearned for Edgar Wallace or tricky fox-trots, newspaper assurances that the play was profound might fill their mouths with canting appreciations. To be "superior" is a solace to the soul. Great are the powers of advertisement, and in other spheres it has won strange victories. But the deliberate education of taste is a dangerous business. Parrot-cries are noisy, yet the chatter is empty and vain.

Though revolutionary fashions and prejudices may be imposed in the realm of politics, dress, food, or in the cultural arts, the drama is fairly safe. The drama is rooted in life itself, and can only change its character with human psychology. It has changed, and why? Organised religion has lost much of its force, and Faust-like man, without a consuming faith, is ever seeking an escape from the "brutality of facts." He is constantly in quest of stimulating distractions.



IN "PROFESSOR TIM," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: PEGGY SCALLY (KATHLEEN O'REGAN) AND MRS. SCALLY (SARA ALLGOOD).

"Professor Tim," the new play by George Shiels, at the Vaudeville, is described as an Irish "fairy tale." The Scally family have boasted for years about their relative, "the Professor," but when he actually appears he is found to be a disreputable, penniless old man. Things, however, are not always what they seem, and the Professor springs a surprise in the end.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

while, I would far rather see the multitudes frankly enjoying themselves at a non-intellectual entertainment than see them kneeling before the shrine of an Apollo maintained by subsidy with canting praises on their lips.

G. F. H.

## PICTURES THAT APPEAR LIT UP: PAINTINGS BY CHOUTSE.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM PICTURES AT THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY CHOUTSE, AT MESSRS. ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS, NEW BOND STREET.



"SORBIER SOUS LA NEIGE, ENGADINE."



"NUIT DE GIVRE, SAVOIE."



"MOTIF D'HIVER, ENGADINE."



"NOCTURNE, SUISSE."



"JARDIN AU CAP MARTIN."

Very exceptional interest was taken in the exhibition of paintings by M. Ivan Choultse, the Russian artist, at Tooth's Galleries, and the works are certainly remarkable. The artist, to quote one critic, "so manipulates his light-effects that his pictures resemble painted glass illuminated from the back by a strong light. . . . The effects he obtains of sunlight on the Engadine snow or moonlight across a Mediterranean bay are positively uncanny in their realism." Another writer said: "M. Choultse . . . is not so much a painter as an illusionist, all his powers being devoted to the close imitation of natural effects—chiefly startling effects of sunlight. . . . The immediate illusion is so vivid as to make one look for trick lighting in the gallery, which is, in fact, not employed." M. Choultse, who was once Court Painter to the Emperor of Russia and was overwhelmed by commissions, escaped from his native country at the time of the Revolution, and went to Paris. There, at his first exhibition, all his pictures were sold during the first half-hour of his show; and it may be added that all the pictures shown here were sold. At present, he is planning an exhibition in New York, where further success is assured him.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS week I have been browsing on fifteen books that cover, among them, many centuries of European life, and my mental reception-room is full of a strangely assorted company, where Vercingetorix rubs shoulders with Napoleon III., Charles the Fat with the Merry Monarch, and Nell Gwynn with a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. "Browsing" is perhaps too leisurely a word in the circumstances, but at least it expresses my inclination; for the longer I live the more I feel that the infinite romance of fact known as history is the most fascinating form of reading. I could browse on history and biography for the rest of my life, but, as the Bishop said, "Time, my Christian friend!"

Taking the books more or less in chronological order, I begin with one that goes back to the cave-man—namely, "THE EARLIEST TIMES." By Fr. Funck-Brentano. Translated from the French by E. F. Buckley (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). This forms the first volume of "The National History of France," leading up to the same author's "The Middle Ages." The five chapters deal respectively with the prehistoric period, Celtic and Roman Gaul, the Merovingians, and the Carlovingians. The whole story is brightly told in a vivid and picturesque style, with that Gallic frankness which does not glaze over harrowing details in our British manner. Examples are the martyrdom of Ste. Blandine and the execution of Brunehaut by Clotar.

This latter incident provides a comparison between the French and British method, for it is also related (under the names Brunhilda and Clothair) in "THE GROWTH OF EUROPE THROUGH THE DARK AGES, A.D. 401-1100": A Brief Narrative of Evolution from Tribal to National Status. By General Sir Edmund Barrow (Witherby; 10s. 6d.). The two books overlap to a certain extent. General Barrow, of course, has less scope for detail, as he operates on a much wider front (all Europe, including Britain), and his narrative is compressed into a shorter space. He has succeeded, however, in making it extremely readable, and has efficiently bridged a gap in the common teaching of history. Both these books cry aloud for illustration.

In a brief epilogue, General Barrow links up the eleventh century with the Europe of to-day. Apart from that, I now skip several hundred years and reach "THE STORY OF NELL GWYN: AND THE SAYINGS OF CHARLES THE SECOND." Related and collected by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. A new edition, with an introduction by John Drinkwater; thirty-eight Portraits, and Contemporary Views, including Hollar's Panorama of London; (Privately Printed for the Navarre Society; 12s. 6d.). This is an attractive reprint of a work by a son of Allan Cunningham, published in 1852. There has been no fresh edition since 1892. The new features of the present issue are Mr. Drinkwater's essay, which strikes just the right note of tolerant urbanity, and the interesting illustrations, including, as frontispiece, Lely's portrait of "pretty witty Nell" in *déshabille*. Everyone knows the epigram on the King—

Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one.

Everyone, however, may not know the Merry Monarch's happy repartee on hearing it: "The matter," he observed, "was easily accounted for—his dis-course was his own; his actions were his Ministry's."

There is a kindred chapter, on Women and Kings, in a book of gossipy studies in social life at various places and periods, entitled "VANITIES AND VICISSITUDES." By Ralph Nevill; with sixteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). Several of the author's subjects have a timely interest at the opening of a new season—e.g., the Changing West End, Dandies, Customs and Ways, and Outlying London. Mr. Nevill has a good deal to say about France that connects with other books. "Arrogance," he writes, "has always distinguished French Royalties. Even the good-natured Napoleon III. suffered from such a weakness, as was once strikingly shown when an English nobleman, born without legs, wanted to be presented at the Tuilleries. The Emperor sent word to Lord Cowley that he could not receive such a visitor, who would be obliged to sit while the Emperor stood!"

The date of this incident is not mentioned, but I find some coincidence of names, under the year 1852, in "LETTERS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY: A YOUNG LADY AT COURT, 1849-63." Edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho. Illustrated (Gerald Howe; 18s.). Although Napoleon III. made a favourable impression at Windsor later on, when he brought his bride, there was a

time, soon after the death of the Duke of Wellington, when Lady Augusta was writing about him very disparagingly.

Dean Baillie tells us that his aunt's letters were written without the least thought of publication, and they are, of course, all the more valuable for that reason. Lady Augusta Bruce (as she then was) and the Dean's mother were daughters of the Earl of Elgin (of "Marbles" fame), and Lady Augusta spent some twenty years at Court in the service first of the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, and then with the Queen herself. "During all those years," says the Dean, "she wrote constantly to the little sister at home, letters which, as my mother grew up, became more and more confidential.... She knew that no one would see them or hear their contents, and so wrote with absolute freedom; and no one has seen them from that day to this." But *litera scripta manet*, and here they all are in print, discreetly edited, throwing new light on the family life of the Queen and her children, and revealing the writer's own engaging and humorous personality, up to the time of her marriage to Dean Stanley. Her book is the quintessence of feminine Victorianism.

A masculine counterpart is to be found in "THE LAST VICTORIANS." By Arthur A. Baumann ("A.A.B.").

baptism in St. Andrew's,

Holborn. The humorous element is well seen in the account of the Congress of Berlin. "The solemnity was a little marred," we read, "when Bismarck, who was supporting the faltering steps of the ancient Russian Chancellor, was seized with a rheumatic twinge and rolled over upon his colleague, who was immediately attacked by Bismarck's dog. The struggling statesmen were sorted out safely in time for a grand banquet at the Old Palace."

To the same new school of historians, who combine a sparkling style with a pictorial method and ironical humour, belongs the author of "THE SECOND EMPIRE": Bonapartism, the Prince, the President, the Emperor. By Philip Guedalla. With Frontispiece. (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.) This is a new edition of a book first published in 1922. It makes a timely reappearance in conjunction with "THE SECOND EMPIRE AND ITS DOWNFALL": The Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon III. and his Cousin Prince Napoleon, now published for the first time. By Ernest d'Hauterive. Translated from the French by Herbert Wilson. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 18s.) The Emperor was fourteen years older than his cousin, and when they were aged respectively twenty-eight and fourteen they stood in the relation of tutor and pupil. They were more like elder and younger brother, and, despite some temporary estrangements, were on terms of lifelong intimacy. The letters extend over thirty-five years (1837-72), and are very interesting, not only as historical documents, but as bringing out the difference of character between the two men. Incidentally, we are carried back to early times by an allusion to the talisman of Charlemagne presented to Napoleon I. by the clergy of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was a sapphire containing a fragment of the true Cross. Napoleon III. gave it to the Empress Eugénie, who in 1919 presented it to the Cathedral of Rheims.

In several of the afore-mentioned books there are, of course, many references (besides the dog incident) to the "man of blood and iron" who destroyed the Second Empire. He is portrayed at full length, along with famous contemporaries, in "BISMARCK, ANDRASSY, AND THEIR SUCCESSORS." By Count Julius Andrassy. (Fisher Unwin; Ernest Benn; 25s.). The author is the son and namesake of the statesman who was Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister from 1871 to 1879, but he is by no means anti-British or entirely pro-German. "It is regrettable," he writes, "that the German Government, with its rude and cynical demeanour, was always more averse than that of any other nation to all movements for the preservation of peace." He pays a handsome compliment to the British Empire as "mightier than the Empires of Alexander the Great, of Julius Caesar, of Attila, or of Genghis Khan."

Bismarck figures again in the earlier chapters of "A DIPLOMATIST IN EUROPE." By the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Hardinge. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Cape; 16s.) This is a delightfully entertaining volume of reminiscences, describing rather the social externals than the political inwardness of the diplomatic career, full of vivid incident and amusing anecdote. It covers Sir Arthur's experiences at the British Embassies in Spain (in the 'eighties and again during the Great War), Russia, Rumania, Belgium, and Portugal, and a visit to India.

Several other interesting books, which it pains me very much to dismiss briefly, come within the scope of this review. Two deal with the early part of last century and the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign—"NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS" (at 9 and 10 Grafton Street). By (Mrs.) Ethel M. Richardson. With ten Illustrations. (Hutchinson; 18s.)—reminiscences (from old letters and diaries) of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert and Helen Lady Stronge;—and "PHASES OF THE 'THIRTIES." By William Toynbee. (Glaisher; 6s.) Two others are valuable contributions to current political and economic thought—"BRITAIN LOOKS FORWARD." Studies of the Present Conditions by Various Writers. With Introduction by Sir Alfred Robbins. (Fisher Unwin—Benn; 6s.) and "THE LETTERS OF AN INDIVIDUALIST TO THE 'TIMES,' 1921-26." By Ernest J. P. Benn. (Benn; 3s. 6d.), including a useful bibliography on economics for those who seek an answer to Socialism. Finally comes a little brochure, in paper covers, No. 2 in the Empire Series of Historical Biographies—"AUSTRALIA." Edited by Lord Apsley, with a Foreword by the Marquess of Salisbury, and Kipling's poem, "If." (British Empire Educational Press; 6d.). Here, then, are fifteen books off the dead man's chest. "Yo ho ho! and"—well, anything that's going.

C. E. B.

## To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

**T**HE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any contributions being unsuitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, pass the material to our own distributing agency, in order that it may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

With nine Portraits (Benn; 18s.). "I am a Victorian Tory," says Mr. Baumann, "naked and unashamed. I make no pretence to impartiality, or attempt to defend my prejudices.... Armageddon apart, everything done after 1906 is for me a step on the easy slope that leads unlimited democracy to its nadir of helplessness and corruption." Although the attitude of *laudator temporis acti* may not be very helpful constructively in a world bent on change, at any rate strong partisanship makes for good reading. Both in praise of his heroes and in trouncing opponents, Mr. Baumann is extremely effective, and the more so as he has been personally acquainted with most of the statesmen and publicists whom he discusses. With its sincerity, acumen, and forceful style, this is undoubtedly one of the best books of political criticism written in recent years.

One of Mr. Baumann's heroes, not only as statesman, but as wit, humourist, and a master of English, has a volume to himself in "DISRAELI." By D. L. Murray. With eight Illustrations (Benn; 16s.). The author offers his book "as a simple 'impression,'" not attempting to compete with the official Life. A good example of Mr. Murray's picturesque manner is the description of Disraeli's

## THE ROYAL TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND: SHARK-FISHING; MAORI DANCES.

THIRD AND FOURTH PHOTOGRAPHS (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK RECEIVING A BIG DOLL FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH: A PRESENTATION BY TWO LITTLE AUCKLAND "BROWNIES."



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS DRIVING ROUND AUCKLAND ON THE DAY OF THEIR ARRIVAL: SMILES THAT WON THE HEARTS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.



THE DUCHESS SHAKING HANDS WITH A GROUP OF INMATES OF AN OLD PEOPLE'S HOME AT AUCKLAND: AN INCIDENT OF THE NEW ZEALAND TOUR.



A LIVING "ST. GEORGE'S CROSS" FORMED BY NEW ZEALAND GIRLS: THE FINALE OF A GREAT DISPLAY OF PHYSICAL DRILL BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN THE DOMAIN AT AUCKLAND.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT AUCKLAND: THE DUKE (LEFT) REPLYING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE HARBOUR BOARD, MR. H. MACKENZIE (CENTRE).



THE DUKE (HOLDING ROD) PLAYING HIS 120-LB. SHARK: GOOD SPORT AT DEEP-SEA FISHING OFF RUSSELL IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS



THE DUCHESS DISPLAYS HER SKILL WITH THE ROD: LANDING ONE OF THE TWENTY SCHNAPPERS THAT SHE CAUGHT ON A DEEP-SEA FISHING EXPEDITION.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Auckland, in the "Renown," on February 22, and were received with immense enthusiasm. After an official welcome in the City Hall, they spent the afternoon in driving round the city. The next day they attended a great gathering of children in the spacious amphitheatre of the Domain. There were 12,000 children present, including Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, while the onlookers numbered about 60,000. The girls greeted the arrival of the Duke and Duchess by forming the living word *Hauromai* ("welcome"). Then followed a striking display of physical drill. Scouts, Guides, and Brownies marched past; Maori boys and girls danced their [Continued opposite.]



A CURIOUS MAORI DANCE BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT OF THE VISIT TO ROTORUA, IN NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

native dances; and finally a huge concourse of girls formed up in a St. George's cross. The Duke and Duchess then motored round the ranks, receiving a tumultuous greeting. Two little Brownies from an orphanage presented the Duchess with a big doll in a casket inscribed "To Elizabeth," for her baby daughter at home. In the evening the royal visitors left in the "Renown" for Russell, in the Bay of Islands, where they enjoyed good sport in deep-sea fishing. The Duke caught a 120-lb. shark, while the Duchess landed a score or so of schnapper, winning the admiration of local fishermen by her skill with the rod. On the 26th they were welcomed by the Maoris at Rotorua.

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

**The Court  
at Windsor.**

Now that the King and Queen have gone to Windsor, where they will spend Easter and remain till the beginning of May, Queen Mary will have a real holiday, which one feels sure she will enjoy. It

was amazing how much she found time to do and see during her last two or three weeks in London: picture shows, hostels, hospitals, London's official activities, all engaged her attention. One exhaustive visit was to the warehouses of the Port of London Authority, including the enormous warehouses

tucked away behind Houndsditch and known to few Londoners except the buyers, where treasures of porcelain and embroideries from the East are to be found; and the other gloomy buildings by the river where the ivory and spices are stored. No visit made by the Queen gave more pleasure than the surprise inspection of Cecil House, where she found Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, Lady Margaret Bigge, Lord Stamfordham's daughter, and Mr. Ralph Knott, the famous architect of the County Hall, hard at work cleaning up the first of London's public lodging houses for homeless women, ready for its opening by the Lord Mayor next day.

**A Stately Setting.** Few of the season's débutantes have more extensive family connections than Lady Jane Egerton, the Earl of Ellesmere's second daughter, whose mother is giving a ball for her on July 5. Lady Ellesmere is a sister of Lady Home and a niece of the Earl of Durham, the Countess of Pembroke, and the Duchess of Leeds. The ball will be at Bridgewater House, St. James's, one of the finest and most famous of the family mansions in London whose owners can still afford to keep them up, and it has a wonderful collection of Old Masters in its great picture gallery. Lady Ellesmere gave a reception there last season for the Prime Minister.

**A Country-House Easter.** Many people are preparing to spend Easter in their country homes, and a large proportion of them will not return to town until the beginning of May. Lord and Lady Pembroke will be at Wilton House, their beautiful Tudor home near Salisbury, for Easter; Sir Arthur and Lady Steel-Maitland will be in Scotland; Lord and Lady Airlie at Cortachy Castle, Forfarshire; and Lord and Lady Granard went some days ago to Castle Ford in Ireland, where they will spend Easter with their children. Lord and Lady Oxford will have a family gathering at The Wharf, Sutton Courtney; Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley will be at Broadlands; and the Duke and Duchess of Rutland will be enjoying the delights of Haddon Hall.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, whose prolonged illness had once again postponed her visit with Lord Carisbrooke to Egypt, had been hoping to spend Easter at Petwood with Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, but this will not be possible now, since her operation for

RECOVERING AFTER HER OPERATION FOR APPENDICITIS: THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE; WITH LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN.



ORIGINATOR OF THE CECIL HOUSES SCHEME: MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON.

appendicitis took place only last week. That particular operation is not regarded with such dismay or followed by such a long period of inactivity as it used to be, but patients are not expected to travel in the first few weeks.

**The Little Duchess.**

It is unfortunate that, after the warning from New Zealand, the Australians should have imposed such a heavy programme on the Duchess, who tried so pluckily to meet the demands made on her. It would obviously have been difficult to shield her from the admiring crowds, but she and the Duke would have been happy if they had been able to explore the fascinating town in some quiet way, and to meet some of the extremely interesting and exhilarating people who exist outside Government House and official circles. The trouble, of course, is that these tours must be arranged by officials, who naturally think that officials are the people best worth meeting, while the society that considers itself exclusive thinks it has first claim. Mrs. Ronald Greville, who fortunately met the Duke and Duchess in Sydney—and that must have been a great pleasure to them—has been commenting on the fact that there is the dawn of class consciousness in Australia. People who know the country better would describe it as high noon. The same sort of thing exists to a less degree in New Zealand. It is said that, when the Prince of Wales visited Christchurch some years ago, a woman felt it her duty to inform him that there were only



ENGAGED TO MR. CLARE ROBINSON:  
MISS MOLLIE PANTER DOWNES.

Miss Mollie Panter Downes is a young novelist who gained fame at the age of sixteen by her novel "The Shoreless Sea."

fifteen girls in the town with whom he could possibly dance. Christchurch still knows those fortunate young women as "The First Fifteen."

**Freedom of the City.**

Lady Cowdray—who, with her husband, Lord Cowdray, is to receive the freedom of the city of Aberdeen on May 3—has already been similarly honoured by the city of Colchester. The town of London, as distinct from the City, has no means like that of showing its gratitude, but if it had it would certainly recognise Lady Cowdray's more than generous benefactions to the nursing profession. Several years ago she bought the house formerly belonging to Lady Oxford in Cavendish Square, made extensive additions to it, and turned it into a luxurious club for nurses, of which they take full advantage. Last year, on an adjoining site, she erected the College of Nursing, a very beautiful and elegant building. The charm about both these gifts is not only the carefully thought-out detail, but the beauty and high quality of all their appointments. Nothing, to Lady Cowdray's mind, was too good for the women who devote themselves to the care of the sick.

Lady Cowdray is one of the few eminent women who have had their portraits painted by a great artist. It is a pity, by the way, that so few of the women who are distinguished for their work are leaving such records. Her portrait will be rather a puzzle to future generations, for she chose to be

TO RECEIVE THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF ABERDEEN ON MAY 3: VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY.



depicted in fancy dress, with an amazing head-dress of coloured plumes crowning her wise and kindly face.

**A Woman Sculptor.**

People have lamentably short memories, but, even so, it is odd to hear Mrs. Hilton Young quoted as saying that one reason for holding her exhibition of sculptures is to prove that, though she has been married to two famous men, she is not merely a dabbler in art. Catherine Bruce was a distinguished woman and had made a name as a sculptor before she married Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, nineteen years ago.



A FAMOUS WOMAN SCULPTOR:  
MRS. HILTON YOUNG, WITH HER LITTLE SON

She had already had an interesting career, studying for five years in Paris, and travelling in many foreign lands, and she kept on with her work after their marriage. After his death she was granted the right to bear the title Lady Scott in recognition of the honour that would have greeted him had he returned from his great expedition; and, in spite of her marriage to Lieutenant-Commander Hilton Young, M.P.—one of the heroes of Zeebrugge—which took place ten years later, the public remembers her best as Lady Scott. Her son, Peter Scott, who is Sir James Barrie's godson, has been educated as Captain Scott would have wished, and has inherited his father's love for natural science, a taste which he is developing at Oundle. He has a small step-brother.

**Palaces in Malta.** Lady Du Cane is paying a short visit to Wiesbaden with her husband, General Sir John Du Cane, who at the end of the month takes up his new post as Governor of Malta. They will have two official residences there. The one to which they will go during the excessive heat of a Mediterranean summer is an old fortress in beautiful grounds three or four miles from the capital. The other, which is in the heart of Valetta, used to be the headquarters of the Order of the Knights of St. John. It contains a wonderful armoury and a set of fine old tapestries depicting the siege of Malta in the sixteenth century, in which the Duke of Connaught took a great interest, and which he had restored some years ago. Another notable fact about the Palace is that the official who inhabits some rooms at the very top of the stately building keeps rabbits, and visitors are amused to see their long ears poking over the parapet. The women of Malta have an extraordinary national costume, a long black cloak with a hood like a calash that covers the head, but bends over with a great curve at one side.



that bends over with a great curve at one side. This serves as umbrella or sun-shade. The Hon. Marie Acton is the eldest sister of the present Peer, and recently became a probationer at King's College Hospital. Her full name is Marie Immaculée Antoinette. The Hon. Dorothy Elizabeth Anne Pellite is a year younger, and was born in 1906.



SISTERS OF THE PRESENT LORD ACTON:  
THE HON. MARIE AND THE HON. PELLITE ACTON.

## Another Man and his Syphon



"Blazing desert, eh!"



"Um.....No!"



"Huh!"



"Gosh!"



"Fevered wastelands....help!"



" ? "



" ? "



" ! — " "



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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

THE forthcoming grand opera season at Covent Garden will probably represent the climax of the present London Opera Syndicate's efforts. The London musical public owes the syndicate a debt of gratitude for the efforts made to continue the tradition of grand opera at Covent Garden and to adapt the old system to the new conditions. In many respects the older group of private subscribers who were responsible for the annual opera season had outlived their efficiency. For a great many years they had provided Covent Garden with opera seasons of a really high standard; but even before the war it was becoming apparent that those who directed the old

syndicate were quite out of touch with the general musical current of the age.

It was, for example, left to Sir Joseph Beecham to bring the Russian operas and Chaliapin to London while the old opera syndicate went on grinding out its ancient series of what might in 1912-13 have been termed "barrel-organ" operas even more appropriately than to-day, when, after a severe bout of Russian and French music, we are once more ready to listen appreciatively to Verdi and Rossini—even, perhaps, to Donizetti. To the new London Opera Syndicate we owe the popularisation of the most successful of all recent operas, "Der Rosenkavalier," the revivals of "Don Giovanni" and of "Falstaff"—the finest and still the least appreciated of Verdi's operas—the coming revival of "Fidelio," and first production of Puccini's "Turandot." But what is more important than any list of individual works which might be shown is the general character of the change inaugurated by the London Opera Syndicate. The number of operas suitable for performance at Covent Garden is extremely limited, and sooner or later every work is likely to come into the repertory of any management, however unadventurous and old-fashioned, although, of course, it is no compensation for one's own losses to be told that one's children will at least be certain of hearing any great masterpiece which may be written during our lifetime.

The London Opera Syndicate has also put on record, as it were officially, the fact that the greatest operatic artists of the day come not from Italy, but from Germany. During the nineteenth century, in spite of the influence of Mendelssohn and Handel in other spheres, Italian music still dominated Covent Garden, and the annual season there was very much a season of Italian opera, in spite of the occasional and popular performances of the "Ring." The Italian tradition was helped largely to survive by the



THE CITY EXTENDING EASTWARD: BUNGE HOUSE  
A FINE NEW BUILDING IN ST. MARY AXE.

A notable step in the eastward march of the business quarters of the City has been taken by Messrs. Bunge and Co., Ltd., the well-known merchants and bankers, in erecting their handsome new building in St. Mary Axe. During the demolition of old buildings on the site, part of the Roman wall of London was discovered near Camomile Street, and the excavations revealed the flint and clay foundations, together with the usual stone rubble and tile coursing above. Another very interesting outcome of the excavations was the exposing of the very clearly defined bed of the City ditch immediately outside the wall, running parallel with Houndsditch. Very few relics were discovered, although the Guildhall Museum officials kept a watch upon the digging. The architect who designed the building was the late Mr. Delissa Joseph, F.R.I.B.A.

aid of such artists as Caruso and Melba, whose enormous prestige made it possible to go on staging the most threadbare and hackneyed of Italian operas. But with the war Italian opera lost its supremacy, and it is unlikely that it will regain it in the present

[Continued overleaf.]

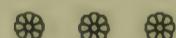


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*Continued.]*  
generation. Germany and Austria, however, in spite of the severe losses they have sustained in other respects, have maintained their operatic tradition and their subsidised opera-houses, and it is from these sources that we draw to-day the material for the greater part of our operatic fare at Covent Garden.

During the coming season we are to have a revival of "Der Rosenkavalier," with those superb artists from the Vienna State Opera House, Lotte Lehmann, Elizabeth Schumann, and Richard Mayr. The magnificent ensemble of the productions of "Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden during the last few years is a witness to the training provided by these subsidised opera-houses of Germany and Austria. Without these German subsidised opera-houses there would be no artists to entertain us at Covent Garden; and when we pride ourselves on our economy in doing without national and municipal theatres in this country we might temper our satisfaction with the reflection that we are to some extent living on charity, and that the German and Austrian people pay for our pleasures.

For it is in no figurative sense that they pay, but in hard cash. The Vienna State Opera House, I am informed, cost the small republic of Austria last year £120,000. This was the deficit, not the gross expenditure. In former times this deficit was paid out of the Emperor's private purse, and in the same way nearly all the German theatres and opera-houses were subsidised by the local ruling Princes. Now that these Princes are gone, or at least now that their hereditary offices have been abolished, the expense of maintaining these theatres falls upon the public purse. Of course, the people had always paid in reality, since the royal revenues came from the public wealth; but it was not so apparent where the money came from when it came indirectly.

The Austrians in the past did not object to paying for the upkeep of an Emperor who paid for the opera, but to-day one finds the Tyrolean mountaineer becoming conscious that he is paying to maintain an opera-house for the pleasure of the citizens of Vienna. One

theatres than he would think of living in a country without a postal service. Theatres and opera-houses in the minds of the Germans are a part of civilisation, and one of the most essential and vital parts; and we may be thankful that it is so, for if it were not for this German tradition we should have no season at Covent Garden next May.

Bruno Walter will conduct the German operas, assisted by Robert Heger, and there will be two cycles of the "Ring," with many of the singers who took part in the performances last season. Rudolf Laubenthal and Lauritz Melchior will be the principal tenors, but the Wotan will be Friedrich Schorr, who was not here last year. Frida Leider, Göta Ljungberg, Maria Olczewska will all appear in their familiar rôles, but there will be a new soprano from Berlin for the rôle of Leonora in "Fidelio." "Meistersinger" will not be given this season, but "Parsifal" is to be revived, and "Tristan" is to be given also.

Among the revivals, "Fidelio" and Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" will awaken most interest. It is many years since either of these works has been heard in London. The great novelty of the season will be the first London production of Puccini's "Turandot," which was first produced about a year ago at La Scala, Milan, under Toscanini. As Puccini's last opera, it is sure to arouse great interest, and it is rumoured that it will please the many ardent admirers of the Italian composer. The Italian operas will all be conducted by

Vincenza Bellezza, who made an excellent impression last year. The subscriptions have been coming in even on a larger scale than last year. The King and Queen intend to patronise the opera this year, which will no doubt bring many fresh patrons this season, which ought to be the most brilliant of the present syndicate's régime.

W. J. TURNER.

THE PRINCE OF WALES "MOBBED" IN BERESFORD SQUARE MARKET: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS DURING HIS VISIT TO WOOLWICH.

The Prince of Wales paid a visit to Woolwich on April 1, to see the Co-operative Exhibition, which is on a site that was a part of the Royal Dockyard and displays the various activities of the Co-operative Wholesale Society and the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society. His Royal Highness's appearance in Beresford Square was a surprise, for it was not on the programme.

can imagine the uproar there might be in Manchester or in Yorkshire if the people were taxed for a national theatre in London; but actually there is no grumbling of this sort in Austria, for the maintenance of theatres and opera-houses has become a tradition, and the Austrian and German would no more think of living in a country without subsidised opera-houses and



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This fashionable coiffure, which is neat and becoming, is one of the famous *La Naturelle Transformations* created by M. Georges, the well-known artist in hairdressing, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

**Evening Frocks  
Embroidered  
with Wool.**

We have had frocks embroidered with silk, steel, and sequins, and now comes the evening frock embroidered with soft, fleecy wool in exquisite colourings. A lovely white evening frock of chiffon, for instance, has a bolero enriched with white flowers in Angora wool, so soft and fine that they look like swansdown. The centres are of diamanté and the leaves of wool in exquisite shades of green. Matching these is the posy of flowers at the shoulder, which is also worked on the frock in the same way. Wool also plays an important part in sports fashions. The tennis blazer has a badge or crest embroidered on the pocket, wool taking the place of silk, and crêpe-de-Chine and wool are often

## Fashions & Fancies

WOOL AND THE HUMBLE RABBIT CONTRIBUTE MUCH TO THIS SEASON'S DECORATIONS, AND THE MORE AMUSING YOUR DRESS, THE SMARTER IT IS JUDGED.

allied in the light waistcoats for wearing during actual play. The first sunshades for the summer, which have already proved their success on the Riviera, are also decorated with raised clusters of gay woollen flowers, boasting a large bunch at the top and tiny clusters encircling the shade.

**Pleats in  
Curious Places.**

Pleating has become so much of an art that the ordinary skirt with its inverted or box pleats is quite *vieux jeu* in comparison with the elaborate patterns that are the latest mode. Jumper suits, for instance, of crêpe-de-Chine or even stockinette have the skirts decorated in "scroll" pattern pleats, or with checked designs achieved by the same means. But no longer is the whole skirt pleated; there are panels and bands of it introduced at intervals, and one of the newest whims is to have a crêpe-de-Chine skirt plain almost to the hem, ending in a narrow pleated border which has the effect of a tiny frill. Another frock has narrow insertions of pleating in a darker shade, forming circular stripes round the skirt. Sometimes, however, the fulness is introduced by flutes and godets, and these, too, appear in unexpected places. The centre of the front and back, for instance, is a favourite spot, and is exceedingly smart when the fulness is stitched down to just above the knees and then allowed to escape.

**Rabbit-Ear  
Trimmings.**

There has been a fight this season between the wild beasts of the jungle and the quiet, domestic animals of our own fields for a foremost place in the fashions. Surprisingly enough, it is the latter which have won. Leopards, gazelle, and tiger-skin do not appear nearly so smart now just as calfskin, and even newer is the trimming inspired by the humble rabbit. One smart afternoon frock is trimmed with rabbits' ears made with loops of ribbon forming a thick border at the hem and edging the sleeves. The fact that this is carried out in soft silvery chenille adds still further to the illusion. Then there is the same idea carried out in the hat. A close, tight-fitting model of light blue felt has two amusing little ears at one side fashioned of grey felt lined with faint pink.

**Coats for Golf  
and Country  
Wear.**

Though the air is still rather fresh, it is ideal weather for golf, and especially when one wears such a practical little coat as the one of suede leather pictured on this page, which is smart, comfortable, and perfectly easy to play in. The collar is adaptable, and almost every colour of the rainbow is available. Kenneth Durward's, of Conduit Street, W., are making a speciality of this smart sports accessory this season at the modest price of 5 guineas. The same firm are responsible for the Tranmere coat pictured here, which is perfectly cut and tailored. Built of fine tweed, it is ideal for travelling and the country, and costs 10 guineas, lined throughout with silk. Then ready-to-wear coats and skirts of tweed, flannel, or saxony, as perfectly cut as all this firm's models, can be secured for 8 guineas, available in several sizes.

**Hats for the  
Coming Season.**

Straws show which way the wind blows, and the fact that there is only one felt amongst the quartette of attractive hats pictured here proves that summer modes are really on the way. At the top right-hand corner is a shady red bangkok trimmed with petersham, and next comes a rough straw swathed with georgette. The small fancy straw on the right is trimmed with velvet ribbon, and is in the fashionable shade of blue; while below is a small felt with a stitched crown, encircled with petersham in two shades. These are to be found at Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W., where special attention is paid to sizes and head fittings. A becoming and extremely useful hat of fine mixed folding straw which is light, shady, and quite showerproof can be obtained for 30s., and there are waterproof sports felts from the same price. An illustrated catalogue of the latest models will be sent gratis and post free on request.

A practical coat of soft suede leather, which is ideal for golf and motoring. It is a speciality of Kenneth Durward's.

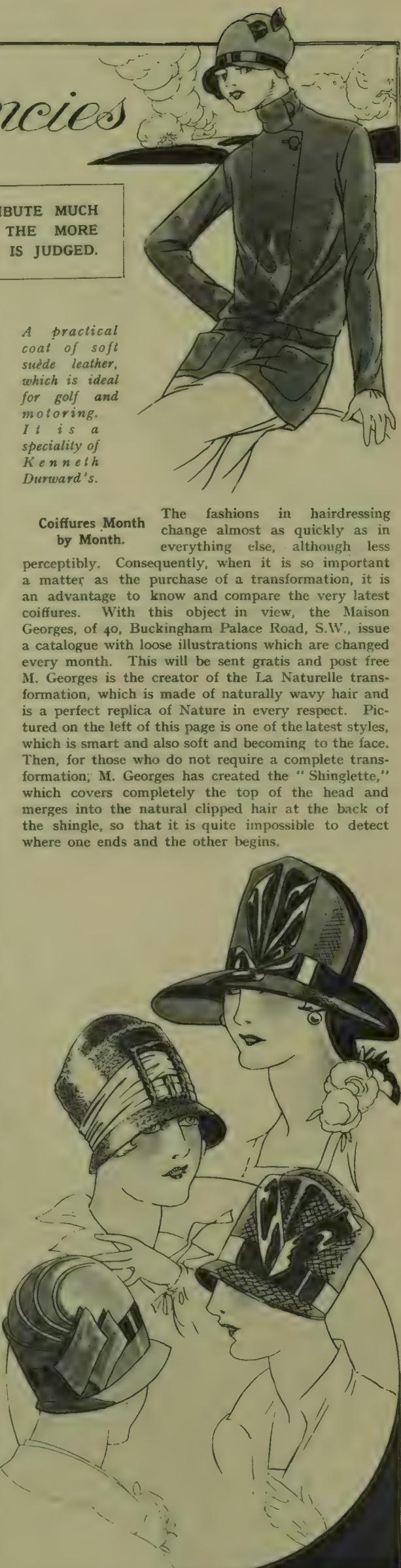
**Coiffures Month  
by Month.**

The fashions in hairdressing change almost as quickly as in everything else, although less perceptibly. Consequently, when it is so important a matter as the purchase of a transformation, it is an advantage to know and compare the very latest coiffures. With this object in view, the Maison Georges, of 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., issue a catalogue with loose illustrations which are changed every month. This will be sent gratis and post free. M. Georges is the creator of the *La Naturelle* transformation, which is made of naturally wavy hair and is a perfect replica of Nature in every respect. Pictured on the left of this page is one of the latest styles, which is smart and also soft and becoming to the face. Then, for those who do not require a complete transformation, M. Georges has created the "*Shinglette*," which covers completely the top of the head and merges into the natural clipped hair at the back of the shingle, so that it is quite impossible to detect where one ends and the other begins.



Ella E. Fox.

Perfectly cut and tailored by Kenneth Durward, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, W., is this coat of fine tweed for the country christened the "Tranmere."



A quartette of attractive spring hats from Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W. At the top (right) is a red bangkok trimmed with petersham, and next comes a rough straw swathed with georgette. On the right is a small fancy straw trimmed with velvet ribbon, and below (in the left-hand corner) a small felt with a stitched crown.

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IT is to be a season of tailored Suits this Spring, and one of the smartest of the new models is the one pictured here which is carried out in a fascinating shade of moss-green, a delightful departure from the browns and fawns of so many seasons. It is a fine tweed, completed with a black velvet collar, and is perfectly cut and tailored. Ready-to-wear Coats and Skirts in new Spring materials, perfectly cut, can be secured for 8 Gns., and plain Overcoats of tweed or West of England cloth are from 6 Gns. Another new model is the "Wyvern" Coat as illustrated on the right. It is an ideal Spring Wrap made in Suitings, Tweeds, and fancy Saxonies. It has a straight back, with strapped inverted panels at sides, and is lined throughout with Silk Merve.



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Buying a second-hand car to-day is a totally different affair. I do not for a moment mean that the average buyer, with not too much knowledge to guide him, can pick up any second-hand car advertised for sale with the same impunity as he would buy



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Comfort and Easy Driving*

a new one. There are still plenty of rogues about, and the unwary can still be as badly stuck as ever. Yet, as a set-off to the "long" firms, there are a large number of firms of high repute who have long made it their business to encourage the second-hand market, and their honesty of effort has largely restricted the evil activities of the other sort.

It is always held to be a most delicate and difficult problem to solve—whether the impecunious buyer of his first or second, or, for that matter, his tenth car, shall spend his savings on a new or a used one. In broad terms, I should be inclined to say that the answer is simple: let him buy a well-conditioned second-hand car of first grade sooner than a new one for the same money. Provided that all is well with the former, it stands to reason that it must be at least as good a bargain in most cases as the latter. I am speaking, of course, of the really cheap kind of new car. The argument does not apply at all to those who are going to spend much over £250.

Against this general assertion, however, there are many considerations. Your impecunious buyer is quite certain to want a car which is economical to run, and it is therefore of the first importance that the second-hand machine of his choice should be in such condition that it is not likely to need costly repairs for at least 10,000 miles' running. Further, it is very important that he should ascertain from the makers of the car what sort of oil and fuel consumption he may reasonably expect. The value of the second-hand car as against the new cheap one may not be so apparent if it uses 50 per cent. more petrol and oil, or needs new and rather expensive tyres at more frequent intervals. If these things, however, are carefully considered, and the pros and cons duly weighed, I am sure that in most cases the well-preserved second-hand car is a better bargain than the cheap new one for those whose purses are shallow.

Buying a second-hand car to-day is, if you go to the right kind of firm, almost as easy as buying a new one. There are firms in London, and I dare-say elsewhere, who make second-hand cars a big feature of their business. One I know does it in the most thorough manner. If a second-hand car is taken in part exchange for a new one (which is the way practically all second-hand cars get on to the market), it is immediately thoroughly overhauled and put into first-class condition in the firm's own shops. It is then furbished up and shown for sale with the firm's own guarantee behind it of free repairs for the next six months. All you have then to do is, having found the car that seems to suit you, to get a trial run, and, if it is satisfactory, to pay for it and take

[Continued overleaf]



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Scots Whisky

Of old, they cried—McCallum More!  
Now, their cry is—More McCallum!

*[Continued.]* it away. When you compare this with the tedious procedure through which you had to go in the old days (and in certain cases to-day), of getting expert opinion, or testing the engine, chassis, and the body throughout yourself for wear and tear and the signs of coming failure, you will realise what progress has been made in this very important branch of motor-trading. With that six months' guarantee given by a firm of standing and repute, you are perfectly safe in buying the car after a short trial run to satisfy yourself that it and its performance are what you are looking for.

The delights of the latest models, glistening in all their pristine beauty of varnish, are undeniable, and he who is looking for a good second-hand car must firmly close his eyes to deficiencies in paint, scratches in upholstery and other signs of age. Yet he may take comfort from the knowledge that the new car, unless it is far better kept than most cars are to-day, will soon lose that school-girl complexion (especially now that the tanning season is upon us), and at the end of a year it may quite likely stand as much in need of repainting as the old car. These deficiencies in outward looks must not be taken seriously. It is far more important for you to know that the battery and self-starter are in good working order, and that the former has yet a useful life before it, than to have the pleasant consciousness that the car as a whole looks almost as good as new.

Never before has it been so easy to buy a second-

hand car, nor has such a purchase ever been so economical. 1927 is likely to be remembered as the first year of a second-hand boom, if we are to judge by the signs of the times. It is well to remember, however, that the "long firms" still exist, and on

Museum for the delightful series of little Sixpenny Picture Books illustrating notable examples of the national treasures committed to their charge. Each of these paper-covered brochures deals with a separate subject, and the illustrations are beautifully reproduced, while the brief explanatory matter is just what is required by the average reader or visitor to the Museum. The series is an admirable means of persuading the public to enjoy the beautiful and interesting things which it corporately possesses, but is too often apt to forget or ignore. The latest additions to the series are Picture Books dealing severally with Dolls and Dolls' Houses, Persian Pottery, Byzantine Art, and The Pre-Raphaelites and Their School. Others issued a short time ago comprise the subjects of English Lace, English Chests and Cabinets, Sheffield Plate, and The Work of John Constable. It may not be generally known that the Victoria and Albert Museum possesses over a hundred oil paintings and more than three hundred water-colours and drawings by Constable. A comparison of this little booklet with that on the Pre-Raphaelites presents a striking contrast, and affords much insight into the divergences of artistic theory and method. In particular, it is instructive to note the different ways of representing a

mill, as seen respectively in the art of Constable and in that of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Copies of the Picture Books may be obtained through any bookseller, or direct from the Victoria and Albert Museum, at 6d. net each (by post, 7d.).



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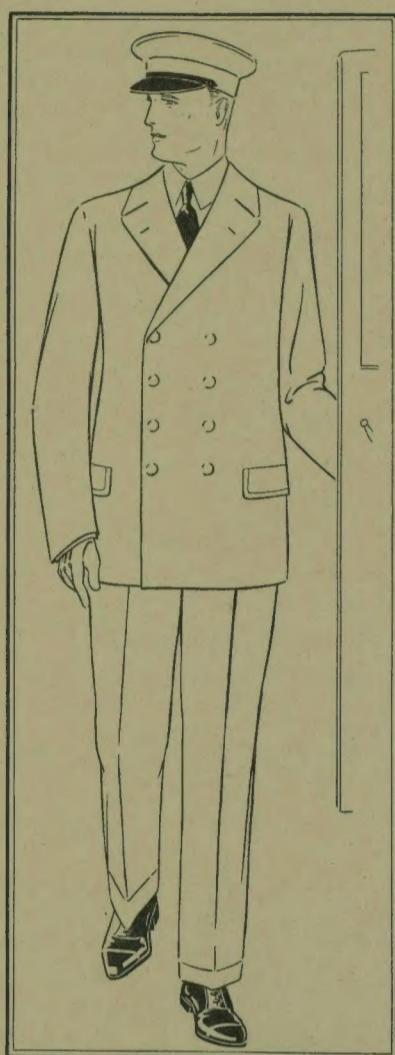
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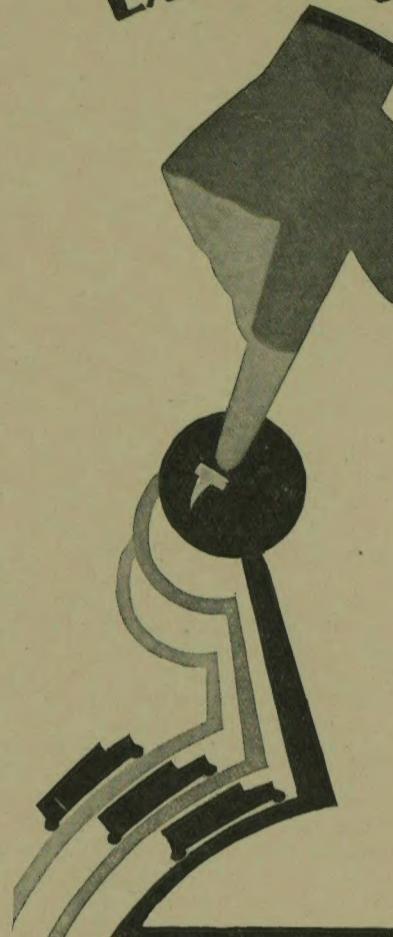
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**THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.**  
BY MICHAEL ORME.

**THE LADDER OF FAME.**

**T**O conquer the world. A goal that Ambition has set for countless men and women, though the spur she used may have varied. To conquer the world! A dream that must have come to every great artist. Yet how many—how comparatively few—have realised it! And after how many years, how many tears! Art is a hard taskmaster, or so we are told. It makes demands on every fibre, every nerve of its disciples; it gives but little leisure and condones no weariness. Yet, when all its conditions have been fulfilled, it does not guarantee to its faithful servant a place in the sun. Chance, opportunity, the coincidence of achievement and appreciation—all have a say in the matter. An artist may sing, paint, carve, or act the soul out of his body, and make no more stir than a pebble in a pond, if the right audience has not been reached. This is particularly true, perhaps, in the world of the theatre, for pictures, speaking a universal language, and books capable of retaining their effect in many tongues, pass the frontiers more easily. But in dramatic and operatic spheres, dreams of world-conquest have known many a rude awakening, or they have needed the prop of infinite patience, infinite enthusiasm, for their renewal.

There have been exceptions, of course. Sometimes years of hard work have been crowned by a sudden and sensational leap into the limelight. Tetrazzini, having been an acknowledged diva on the Continent for many years, came to London practically unknown excepting in musical circles. She sang herself into fame one Saturday evening, and awoke the next morning to paens of praise, though in one paper she was referred to as having "a pleasant voice"! The cautious sheep relies on the shepherd, but Tetrazzini, at least, had the experience of a whole nation at her feet after a single appearance. Sarah Bernhardt, we

know, made an immediate conquest in "Le Passant," and received the recognition of many countries without much tribulation. Duse had a good many years of work in Italy behind her when she appeared at the Vienna Theatrical Exhibition in 1892, playing her famous rôle in "La Gioconda." Then, to be sure, her success was instant, and the fame of it ran like wildfire all over the world. On the other hand, Henry Irving's name was a household word in England long before the Continent had ever heard of him. Such great actors as Ludwig Barnay and Ernest Possart had gathered many laurels and achieved a notable record in their own country before they became world-famous, and, even so, their names, well known to the student of the drama, find, I fear, no more definite echo in the minds of the multitude than is expressed by "something in the artistic line"! And how many, even among keen playgoers, have any knowledge of such great artists as Charlotte Wolter of Vienna, of Louise Dumont of Germany, of Kainz, of Moissy, and of the countless fine comedians or tragedians of Austria, Holland, France, and Russia?

And, in the face of all this, a Harold Lloyd is known throughout the world! Aye, here's the rub! Here comes this impudent new art of the kinema, with its vast possibilities, a colossal influence, a field for experiment disconcertingly crude and full of faults, arrogantly young, riding roughshod over criticism, and handing out the bay leaves of the victor to all, or nearly all, its combatants just about as fast as its wreaths can be twined. If you want to know what "world-famous" really means, you must go a-traveling. Drive along that incredibly rough road (more rocky, I'll wager, than the rocky road to Dublin) that leads over buried Herculaneum to Pompeii, dreaming of past pleasures in the hot sunshine. There, against the walls of countless macaroni-factories and little shops, you will find the names that every man, woman, and child in America and England know: Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, Pola Negri, and many, many

others. A few days later your feet may be turned towards the City on the Hill; your eyes may be set on the glories that were Greece. Yet even as the gleaming white pillars of the Acropolis, rising in poignant beauty against a sapphire sky, beckon to the approaching pilgrim, an involuntary side-glance caused by the insistent posters on the walls reveals once more the familiar names and the Greek or French equivalents for "The Gold Rush," "Safety First," "The Big Parade," and so on.

Our journey continues. Constantinople. It is difficult to realise in this city of cemeteries and mosques that anybody can be thinking of aught else but the dead. The ragged array of tombstones standing at every conceivable angle in every nook and cranny and corner, like sere rushes in autumn broken by the winds of fate, are scarcely less cheerful than Stamboul, town of tortured timber, literally asking for the unspent match that will set it blazing as of yore. But the kinema triumphs over futile melancholy, and Stamboul's wooden shanties, dilapidated, weather-beaten, bear the same legends on their slanting, unstable sides: Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, or, it may be this time, our own Betty Balfour, or Betty Blythe or Douglas Fairbanks. There they are again, filling the picture palaces, familiar names, prime favourites. And we shall encounter them yet again, in the busy streets of Beyrouth, where a truly elegant kinema rears its ultra-modern portals above the noisy, dirty, congested tunnels and alleys of the old town, and the tall Arabs in their flowing robes rub shoulders with portly gentlemen wearing the fez and well-tailored lounge-suits. And thus, though we put a girdle round the entire earth, we shall not lose sight of the stars that shine in the firmament of the kinema.

It gives one furiously to think. For if in a few cases there is genius to justify such stupendous fame, if in other cases there is at least great talent, it has to be admitted that a happy trick of mannerism, a fortuitous combination of make-up and gesture, have

[Continued overleaf.]

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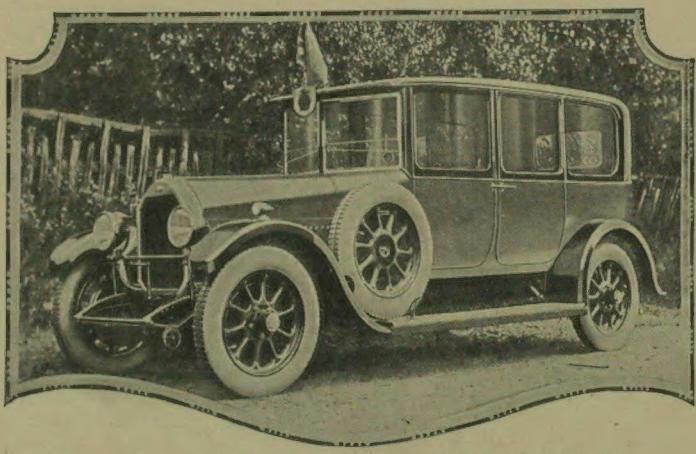
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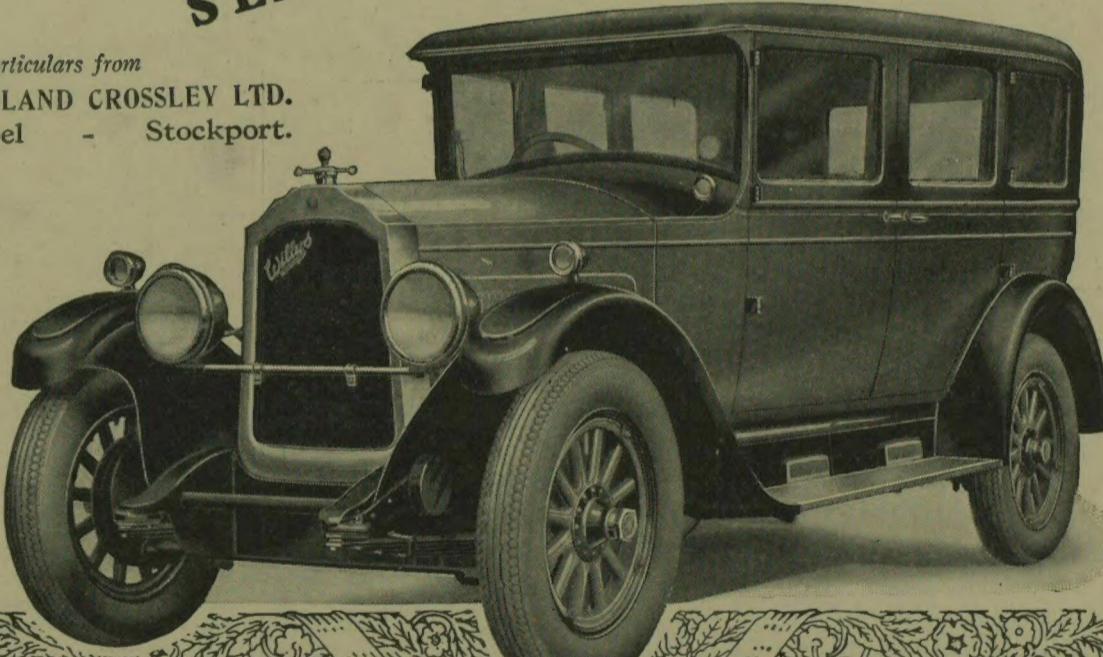


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*Continued]*

often been responsible for the swift promotion of a moderately gifted exponent to the position of a world-famed artist. Seldom, for these, the laborious ascent of a steep and slippery ladder, though possibly many have had to wait for a lucky chance that brought them in front of the camera and revealed their gifts of personality, of charm, of whimsicality, or of power. Yet all whose multiple shadows go forth on that endless, oft-repeated road of triumph round the world must, one concludes, have one great possession in common. Whatever their appeal, it must be universal, easily understood, and swiftly responded to by all the races, since the favourites of Europe and America are the stars of Asia and Africa. In this common possession we may seek at once the excuse and the explanation of the film star's wide-flung fame, for it is not, I think, merely the constant repetition of certain names that makes their reputation. This gift of theirs is shared by such totally divergent artists as, let us say, Tom Mix and Pola Negri. The "he-man" on horseback and the *femme fatale* must be able to infuse into these pictorial renderings of romances, comedies, or dramas the same quality of compelling vitality that underlies all universal Art. In the museum at Naples there is a bronze head of a Roman general lifted from the ashes of dead Pompeii. He seems about to speak in words of command, calling down the centuries with an authority that none would dare to disobey because of this same deathless vitality instilled into the metal by some great master. Say what you will, a spark of it, a tiny spark as precious as a fragment of radium, must belong to the equipment of those amazing, world-conquering artists of the Screen.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "BERT'S GIRL," AT THE COURT.

MISS Elizabeth Baker came into notice in pre-war times as author of an interesting play, "Chains," in which there figured a City clerk and a shop-girl, both of whom found themselves unable to adopt a cherished way of escape from the narrow monotony of their lives. The dramatist in her new work, "Bert's Girl," is still to be found preoccupied with unheroic lower middle-class types, but seems to have lost patience with them in the interval. She eyes them *de haut en bas*; makes them all of a lump; provides too little light and shade in her picture. Bert with his taste for drink and the singing of comic songs, his grasping and vulgar mother, and his other raffish relatives could no doubt be found individually in Fulham any day of the week; but that the whole crew should be collected under one roof as part of one family is hardly to be believed. Lack of taste, spitefulness, and unintelligence are as prevalent in Mayfair as in the Fulham Road, and there is a leaven of kindness and good-nature, surely, in all classes. But Miss Baker, or at any rate her leading character, Uncle Martin, thinks differently, and sees only what is ugly and ignoble in Bert and his environment. And when Bert brings to his mother's house the fastidious, quiet girl he has met at Margate and proposes to marry, Stella Marsh, this philosopher expounds his queer theory of eugenics, which Nature defies every day, that the ugly should mate with the ugly, the beautiful with the beautiful. So he sets himself to stop the match and makes poor Bert drunk and Stella disgusted. Mr. Henry Caine

and Miss Minnie Rayner give amusing performances as Bert and his mother, and Miss Dorothy Black acts promisingly as Stella; but one leaves the theatre with the feeling that Bert is badly treated by the author, that Stella is too priggish, and that Uncle Martin ought to be locked up as a nuisance.

What would be to most of us the happening of a lifetime—for it will not occur again until 1999—will take place on June 29, when there will be a total eclipse of the sun's surface. The phenomenon will be observable in a partial form from the north of Scotland, but the most favoured situation will be in southern Norway, the central line of totality passing through the vicinity of Stavanger. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's cruising steamer *Arcadian* will be in Norwegian waters at the time, and a slight divergence from her usual itinerary will be made in order to afford passengers the unique opportunity of witnessing during one and the same cruise both the Midnight Sun and a solar eclipse.

Many of our readers will be interested in the Hairdressing and Allied Trades Exhibition to be held this year at Holland Park Hall, London, W., from Sept. 12 to 17, under the direction of the British Hairdressers' Academy (London), La Société du Progrès de la Coiffure, and the International Hairdressers' Society. Last year's Exhibition in the Royal Horticultural Hall was so successful that this year it was decided to book the larger hall at Holland Park. There will again be competitions in cutting and waving, modern hairdressing, *postiche* dressing, shingling and waving, and setting permanently waved hair.



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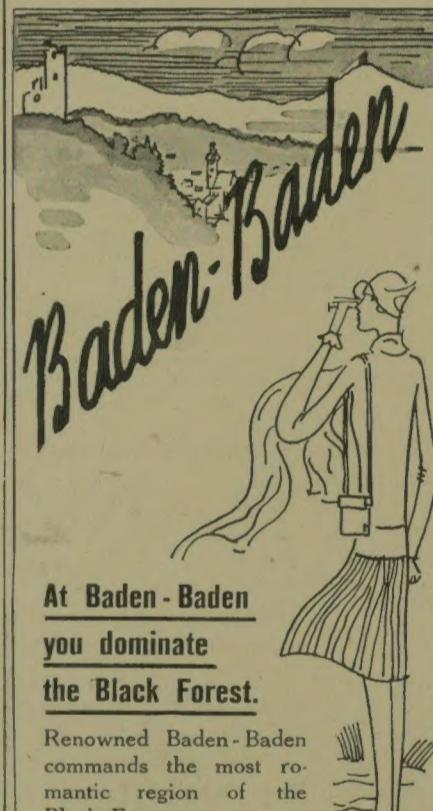
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